

# TOTAL

THE LATE LATE CHRISTMAS 1984 ISSUE  
or the unbelievably early Christmas 1985 issue  
*for foolish minded people everywhere!*

# FUNZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

3

25p



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# 'total beal'

## Editorial FORWARD WITH BRI TAIN

AH! Greetings fellow biscuit munchers of the cosmos, and may you find this offering of Beal-tide foolishness abounds to be in total agreement with your dinner. And here it is - The Third saga in the life and times of the intrepid BEAL crew, and what a load of work we've been lumbered with in order to bring you some really choice and exclusive snippets for this ish. Meeting up with Frank "The Godfather" Sinatra, who has since threatened us with a visit from "The boys" (The only contract out on us is by WIMPEY homes) Almost incurring the wrath of Michael Fagin when news was leaked of our Big Royal Scoop, by some Moles in the office (Hence the holes in the threadbare shag-pile) Some bum-biting news items that we collected on our travels (As well as some good tips for getting wine stains out of deep-sea diving outfits), And also a few choice interviews that we managed to rustle up with some budding rock 'N' Roll outfits (Lime green pinstripe 3-piece with matching neopolitan Filigree cameo cuff-links) WHAT MORE COULD YOU WANT? Okay, an obligatory Fiver as a just recompense for reading this, but might i add, it took us four months to pay the cheese bill, and also we'd to pay nice for the parking ticket on the helicopter.....

If you bought the last issue, and god knows the mental recovery period SURELY could have been finished by now? then you will find this Triffic 3rd bash at the seedy world of journalism (Watch out BEAND, the Beal curse is upon YOU...Heh heh heh...) a marked up-grading on the previous copy... as you can see, i've decided to put a premature death upon your straining peepers by having all the type shrunk down to 1/2 size. Amazing what sending

the scripts to the Jamaican laundry will do. As you can also see, if you have'nt been sent reeling into the darkened aisles of your coop with the dwarfed columns, there are three abysmally visaged fellows putting their future in our hands by allowing their fizzes to be slapped on the front page, even though professional estimates (By none other than accountant to the realm, Hugh Jarce) forecast Sales to plummet by at least 600, which shall undoubtedly leave us in the gutters (For a SECON time...) until busking and petty unashamed violent honest working prove that the piggy bank has given enough capital to allow it to have it's bloated head smashed open with a 36lb iron mallet. Those on top of a considerably high building, contemplating a suicidal end due to this severe title leaf should look further into total beal before giving it a second thought (It is'nt THAT Bad!!!!?? Eh?!?) OH, For all those who are perplexed at the apparent cryptic title of this mag, all will be revealed in issue Le Quatre (4) and not before, there is a LOT to it, believe me! (Oh alright then you miserable bastard, do'nt...) Ehmm, We here at BEAL INC. (Inebriates with No Cash) shall be resting on our laurels for about six months, saying how we need a long rest break to find more "Artistic ends" (i.e. doing NOTHING) until we suddenly realise that it's time that issue four was put out and get in a hell of a frantic rush, so do'nt be surprised if the next issue is three sheets of handwritten scrawl, explaining what we've not being doing in the last 19 years and telling some of Bob Monkhouse's best jokes... on second thoughts, we may be just as well going to work for The Daily Mirror?

AND NOW, THE RITUAL THANKYOU-YA-IGNORANT-GIT LIST.  
(Closely followed by mucho ritual quaffing of ale and flushing of toilet, sounds of vomiting. etc.)

ALL THE FOLLOWING NONENTITIES.... Mitchell (My round! since i got me photo in BEAL) Snaba (A man barely alive?) Sneeter, Forman (Buzzcocks? Who they?) D.K, Turkeees, X-Humed & Ahriman (Previously "The two Ronnies") Roy, Abs and Derek (Hedge-hogging chaps) Erny, Taity, Bondage (My VIDEO!!) Red Raggini (Italy) Elizabeth From Poland, Paul in sooty Epsom, Ramsey, Boggy, Paul of Final Curtain for all the publicity! Mal Page (S.D) Tony of Rancid Ampitz distro (You can smell him from here..) "GROUCHO'S" records in Damp Dundee.. (Natural Beal fans?) Elizabeth (Sweden) Brian from Denmark, Stooze (6 seconds tape) Steven of Martial Law, Shane of Feedback infamy, Yo-Yo of LE LU/LU's (In again!) Rod of Liverpool city radio (It's not a bomb this time) Ivor Trueman the Floyd freak (Far out i say!) Johnny Septic with the smelliest breath in the land, Monty the hamster, All who will be putting life in danger by helping distribute this issue, WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO Liz of Southwell - a true blue bealer if i ever saw one! Caz from Abingdon (Get that bloody hair cut!) Helen from Fern-Dale and all who wrote nice foolish letters in praise of issue two! (I still waiteth?) Lord have mercy on their souls! And er, that's about it i daresay, oh yes, More Ta's to Dave and Butch from Dundeeeee (Make sure they'll buy a copy, y'see...Heh heh.) Thanks also to all of you who have bought this, as long as it keeps yer paws out of the rusk barrel who's complaining? BYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Special thanks to "Granda" Dunbar of Fraserburgh Academy for enlarging the front cover picture FREE OF CHARGE! (on the sly, naturally) and without whom..... Incidentally, the photo was taken (And the holiday fund?) By the new threat to David Bailey's career, Donna Krachan. A special prize of 1/2 a hairy, fluffy bar of nougat goes to the person who can name the names of the three "People?" on the front cover, in the correct order. Either that or an evening out with them AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE....Have fun!

### IS THIS FAIR?



Contrary to what it may say in later bits of the mag, MARTIAL LAW will not be seen in this issue, but hopefully they can make it for the big stinkin', Hootin', Titanic proportioned BIG FOUR...Hm?

Oh well kiddies and grannies, Chow for now, do'nt forget to write in and say how dazzingly-witty-and brilliant er, eh... just how nice it was to see a paper worse than the SUN for a change,,,AHEN!

KEEP ON BEALING:

Yours, totally insincerely,

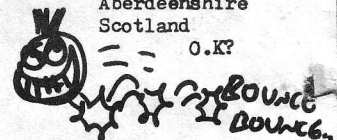
MRS Minnie Biscuit

Mrs Minnie Biscuit, XXX official beal office cleaner and financial advisor. (I.E £10 for me, £2.36 for them.....)

All BEAL correspondence (Especially foolish) to be sent NOW to

Jamesy,  
19 Thompson Terr.  
Fraserburgh  
Aberdeenshire  
Scotland

O.K?



OTHER PEOPLE WHO SUPPOSEDLY HELPED OLD AUNTIE MINNIE HERE ON THIS COSMIC MONOCHROME TRIP.....

- Mr Jamesy - Supposed editor and 1/2 share owner in "JACKIE"
- Mr Potty - Tom Baker in back-combed form, with long bits at the back. As well as foolish outlook and man-eating cooker.
- Mr Deals - One-time adversary for the Kray twins, now holds down a day job with AVON as well as paper round. Doubles as Beal official waste paper bin.
- Miss Donna - Previously known under the aliases of LENNY "CROWBAR" BAGGINS, LEAD-PIPE HARRISON and UNA "THE RAZOR" STUBBS. Joined the 'Team' to help pay for a hamster, and has recieved enough to afford 1/2 a cup of "Hammo-noshy yum" .....
- Avril - volunteered to do the article on those SOCIETYS VICTIMS ruffians. Well, actually we'd no option. Is this the start of something nasty? "BEAL COLLAPSES IN PITYFULL HEAP AFTER ROBERT MAXWELL DECIDES HE WANTS TO BE EDITOR. SHOCK"???

PLUS. Gavin of Waterlooville for gig review. IMPROVE THAT BLOODY HANDWRITING! Heh heh heh!

PSST. THERE IS NO 32-56 BINGO - HA-HA HA!

STOP PRESS +++ STOP PRESS +++ YES, IT REALLY IS +++

As an epilogue to two of our articles, Greezy has left SOCIETYS VICTIMS (Or so i believe) and the SCREAMING DEAD have a new 3 track single, spotted t'other day in a dubious gramophone recordings establishment.

A BIG BEAL HELLO TO BOOGIE-BOOGIE & SHARON BAKE!  
(BLAME LIZ FROM SOUTHWELL O' SILLY BEAL-ETTES!)

# SMELLY NASTY

3



## PUNKS IN INTERVIEW,

## SHOCK, IN-DEPTH PROBE-TYPE GASP SCANDAL ETC.

Or just an excuse for  
THE ABUSE to push  
weather beaten features  
onto the pages of The Beal?

HUGH BASTARD Our man in  
debt, investigates.....

NESTLING on a large piece of ground somewhere  
in the Northern hemisphere, lies Elinburgh,  
city of a thousand zillion pigeon droppings  
and ice cream shops (Surely there is no connec-  
tion there?) with a large ex-council castle,  
a long piece of tarmac called Princes street &  
more famous to vertical haired hordes as being  
home of the Explicit Exploited... how has punk  
rock managed to get by since those days... are  
there still hordes of tartan trousered gluebag  
wielding hooligans, shouting "Exploited barmy  
army" and pinching one anothers chips? or has  
the scene mellowed out, into Oi Polloi fanatics  
and the like... Polloi persons inc may be the  
band from the haggis capital that most people  
would be able to remember most nowadays, but  
what of the others?

During my recent soggy stay in the Burghy to  
see the mucho-band gig with Political Asylum etc,  
i was put under shelter by a foolish gent called  
BOGGY, before long i realised that he was in one  
of the bands due to play at that suspicious gig,  
namely THE ABUSE. I had met up these words some  
where, and had vague familiarity with the title,  
i had not heard them though. Next day i did.  
I was immediately highly impressed. That chap  
Boggy played a mean bass and their songs were  
definitely wipeout material.... an earful of the  
live tape afterwards affirmed this passing notion.  
So what more could i do but try and aid their  
progress and/or stunt their growth by putting in  
a disgustingly silly piece of typed atrocities  
into issue 3? I could have done worse mind you...  
i could have got Jimmy the HOOVER (Remember him?)  
to do a bit of literate suction, and THEN where  
would we be?

I do'nt know a single scrap of info about these  
unsavoury chip chompers, so perhaps i should be  
pitied for going raging into an interview without  
the L - plates on? Hmmm... Okay, seeing as i  
have no information other than INTERPOL files to go  
on, howabouts you lads introducing yourselves to

all the BEAL readers, who may at this moment be  
reading this section in the comfort of their lavvy?  
PHIL (12 foot tall chap with a spotty ear lobe)  
"Hello Beal readers! how are you? my names Phil,  
how's life on the bog? was it cold when you first  
sat on it, or did you keep your trousers on? If so,

change your pants you dirty bastard!" Phil by the  
way, is the beat-nik drum chum fellow... Stix etc,  
Big Boggy, feared by all and loved by none (Bar his  
pet hound) "Hi there all you constipated rockers!  
Boggy here, the hunky bass player of that astounding  
rock 'n' roll band, the Abuse...."  
And now to Harry - karriout. "Hello Beal, i'm Harry  
the singer of, well..... i stand behind a mike,"

ENOUGH SAID! a ripe and ready intro there, from 3  
Abused bodies, minds and pairs of underpants (Mauve)  
The 4th member, Pete, has gone away on Political  
Asylum support duties, playing Rivvumm guitar, but  
seeing as he's in their interview, we can't go giving  
the fellow 2 features can we? Before you know it he'll  
be selling his story to the "Daily Mail".....



The ABUSE exclusive snap. circa 1983 (honest!)

Righto, er...have you done any more gigs since the Kircaldy bash, then lads? i ask in all due faith and mucho quivering of hands (This interview was conducted in Harry's Fridge freezer) Phil brushes off the icy fallout. "No, but we could have played a gig at Loanhead, but our stand in guitarist pissed off to Ireland with the band he plays for, the not-so-mighty Political Asylum (YUK!) We have some gigs coming up though." Was all Phil could muster up warmth to say, before he fell into the coleslaw and had to be dragged out by a refrigerator rescue team. And now to the rest, while Phil defrosts. What occupies your minds when you get right on down, grab the quill pen and ink and scribble down the songs? Harry. "Anything that comes to mind really, it could be about something i've heard or read about but usually it's about something that i feel strongly about." Like running out of money for the electric meter during the late film?

A new era in live lightshows, the ABUSE dazzle the audience, Harry exploding on stage, Edinburgh 1984.

Well.... i see phil has returned and we are urged to move into the slightly more comfy confines of somewhere or other. How long have each of you been bashing away at your instruments (Musical ones, that is) Did you become forced, at the age of eight, to take up piano lessons, gradually progressing to where ye are now? or not, as the case may be.....

Boggy; "Well i originally wanted to become a famous tap dancer (PLEASE do'nt do the awful jokexabout falling into the sink, For god's sake have mercy man!). But my mother would'nt hear of such a thing (PHEW!) . She told me if i did'nt play in a punk band she'd send me to bed without any supper. So i've been playing Bass/guitar for about six years now!" Ah, a mean feat no less...

Harry, what about you, was it singing lessons?

"The reason why i'm the vocalist is because Boggy and Phil (Bastards that they are!!) won't let me touch anything with strings on. (Not even a kite?) But seriously i started singing or rather, shouting, when i first said "Mama" ("We're all crazee now"? a Slade fan?) I was born with my instrument (Were'nt we all?) which is more than you can say for the other two..." Dramatic tales indeed.... it's Phil's de-iced turn now. "I've been playing or attempting to play the drums for about four years or so. At the age of eight i was made not to play piano but.... AAARGGH!! My dog's just stolen my roll you fuckin' cunt bastard Roy!!....Yes, er, The

triangle, which was pretty hard because it was a square, then i got beaten up for sticking my triangle up the teacher's bottom and beat her to death with a hammer. So i decided to play the drums." They're all pretty experienced at one thing or another at any rate, although after-gig activities are beyond my knowledge.

Well chepps, did you have a merry hogmanay season? was it wobbly and viewed thru glazed optics?

According to Phil the mad drummer, "I had a very good hogmanay, HEE HEE HEE, I got very pissed and stuck my middle finger up Boggy's bottom, Ha Ha."

"It's all lies!"pleads Boggy, impassively.

"Whilst masturbating vigorously with a pair of his mum's pants on my head. What did you do?"

nothing as severe as that i daresay! Thankfully, i was spared visual re-enactment of the procedure.

"Yes it was great!" States Harry, with a look of determination in his eye."I was sick all over Derry, Boggy's dog (Not Londonderry, in ireland - thank god!) I was the only one to laugh, i wonder why? It was a very wobbly hogmanay i'm pleased to say, and i always look through glazed optics you cheeky cunt!" WOOPS! i forgot he wears glasses.....Boggy takes his place in the queue. "I had a great new year. The only thing that spoilt it was that me and Phil had to carry home Harry after his 3rd lager shandy."

They argue incessantly fora while, the queensberry rules WERE observed though, and it turned out that the trousers needed dry-cleaning anyway. RIGHT.

Whilst in Edinburgh i did'nt see as much punky types as well, one may have expected. Mind you, there was a fairly big crowd at the gig, but most of the Edinburgh crowd were the bands.(?) perhaps it was the awful rain. Are there all that many punks in Edinburgh nowadays?

"Do'nt care." (Harry) "You only usually see the spiky tops when there's one of those amazing abuse gigs on, but to answer it simply, NO! Not as many as there was 2-3 years ago." (Boggy) AAAAANN..DD.. "Well i have'nt seen many. What about you Harry? Harry? ..... where's Harry gone?" (Phil of course)



Boggy and Harry of The ABUSE with Boggy's dog. (Something wrong here, surely?)



**DON'T do it, Mother -**  
THE ABUSE  
FRI 26th MAY 8 PM  
**LEAVE THE CHILDREN WHERE THEY ARE**

ABUSE gig poster.



Boggy's dog's great-great grandfather, Sir Toby Le Flop.

Well, what of Edinburgh's other famous punk band that everyone knows of, Namely The EXPLOITED. Do you ever see/hear them nowadays? Does Wattie ever pop in for a cup of tea? (A little hint that the tea ought to have been put on ages ago y'see...)

Boggy puts on the kettle... i do'nt know what he put it on, but it's somewhere....."I do'nt see them about very often, they are playing here next month, for the first time in ages. I'll stay as far away from that as possible anyway. Wattie tried to jump on the Abuse bandwagon but we would'nt have anything to do with it, so he formed the Exploited instead!" Is this true? i ask myself, i have my doubts. Phil states his case. "I never see them, i only hear them on vinyl, and no, he does'nt." Harry does'nt seem to be much interested either. "Who want's to hear them? Wattie's a shit bag anyway" he snarls from the mantlepiece. Well, back to the band. Do they practice frequently and has there ever been any practices which resulted in upset neighbours, complaints etc? "Ask Boggy." I'm advised. This i do. "Once when we practiced in the living room, it was a really hot day (AAHH..such a thought on these frozen



winter's nights... roll on the summer of love, maan) and the whole street were out in their gardens lapping it up (Nitroglycerine? Milk? Drugs?) We started hammering out our rock & roll. When we stopped for a fag and a cuppa we went outside and everyone had liked us that much, they had all gone in to watch Grandstand Phil speaks (Despite the muzzle) "We have'nt got anywhere to practice at the moment, and the last time we practiced at Boggy's house, no one complained cos we threatened them all with violence. Tee Hee!"

Ruggish chaps...NNYAAARRDGGHYTHHRE... Read any good books lately? ( browsing through "Womans realM"as i do so) Phil read a good one last week, or so he says. "It was about this bloke that went home one night after a piss-up with the boys and beats the utter shit out of his four year old son. Then he gets bored and decides to play a trick on his wife by hanging her upsides down from the roof and kicks her head in with a pair of steel toe cap boots, then he kills himself. All in all, a good read for the family." (I BET!) Harry only reads dirty ones, or so he says... not much wonder he needs glasses.... (EH?) "Phil's life story was great!"Announces a lager handed (OI phrases?) Boggy,"It's a pity it's only two pages long..."

The Abuse have in fact, released a demo tape. I know absolutely NOTHING about it, and come to that, i have not even heard it although judging by their live set, and the resulting cassette of the gig (Out soon on radioactive meringue records folks!) then it ought to be (Quote Paul Hogan - famed Australian fire eater) a "Ripper!"Which for the teetotal amongst thee, means jolly good. Any gen on how this particular piece of soothing vibrations has impacted, has it managed to shift before the sale-by date? Boggy tells all..... "Well, we've sold around 60 copies so far, you can get it from us for a mere 80p and SAE (Which is very good value considering it took them £50,000 in the studios to do it....) from 618 Southhouse Square, Edinburgh, EH17 8DM." And that's all he's revealing. According to him, we'll have to wait 30 years before they consider any other Abuse secrets fit to release to the nation.

Christ sake, is that the time? Er, soon be time to round off now, umm...What do you reccommend as good listening material so as all the avid Beal-ites will get some good tips.

Phillip the greek- "Welllllll there's a good tape out by a band called Abuse who are very good!! Chumbawamba have a new tape out now and there's a good tip for that - flush it down the bog, that's all i'm saying because i feel sick." He does look a rather green colour... Anyway, and now on with the show and over to Boggy for his views on this matter.

"Do'nt listen to Phil, the Chumbawamba tape is amazing, So is the new Partisans L.P all Zounds stuff and definately all Bahaus. You can't go wrong if you like them. I mean, look what's happened to phil!"

Yes indeed, a man barely alive and being kept on this earth only by crunched up biscuits, snorted up the nose and regular intraveinous doses of Horlicks. (Looks ill) Harold, what about you, what is your tips for the top?

"Both WHAM! albums!"Oh come on now, you can not be serious here..."They're Brilliant! Well worth the money. You get a freeposter with one of them! Wheeee!!" Somehow i think it was taken as a joke. I hope so anyway!

RRRRRRROOIIICHHHT. (Scouse tone) It's the Famous last words time. Fire awayyy... Phil. "I'm very bored, Boggy is the best thing since sliced bread, and i'm going to be violently ill in my fish tank. Take care and do'nt eat dog shit 'cos it's not very nice. Bye, bye, Cough, cough, Splutter, Splutter, Puke puke!"Integrity in words, there. Big Har..."Buy our lovely demo, it's great stuff. Boggy and Phil smell and i'm beautiful!" Modesty! Sheer Modesty! And what about our old pal Boggers?

"STRAWBERRIES!" Obviously a Damned fan.....

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★ no ones property and bomb culture ★  
demo tape; one side each of studio quality stuff for either £1 + s&e or a c-60 and s&e

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To you

Vote BEAL!

SCRATCHER  
i couldnt give a damn



# One of the greatest shows on earth

HOKAY, i recieved a rather crawly letter from a chap called Gavin, from er... tell you the truth, his writing was so bad, that despite taking six weeks to decipher his letter, i had to admit that his address MAY be somewhere called Lowfield or somewhere, anyway, he sent up a gig feview of some sort so here goes, for Gavin the wally hah hah hah!.....



9/11/84 Leigh Park near Portsmouth. And there i was, bored out of my brain (which is small, very small) waiting for my mates to come around. When they bothered to turn up, i had to go to the toilet while the dog (called Suxi or Mutlee, depending on what mood i'm in or if it shits everywhere, well it's more of a puppy than a dog) followed me up the stairs, making me trip and fall down the bog after which cries of "Wait till i phone up the lab" and "Help, I'm stuck.", we got a lift off my old dear mother. On getting to Leigh park, we walked around trying to find the bloody place and cries of "I'm fucking cold" ringed out across the night. Getting in was no problem, apart from the one pound which isn't too bad for three bands, which ended up as four. Confused? There was the usual local followers who were mainly punk rockers, maaaaan! They showed the usual "Oh, you're dressed normal, you must be a right bunch of wankers." attitude, but there was one nice one who was very keen. First on were "Friends and enemies" who although i did'nt like them much, most people did and anyway at least they

tired, and that's what counts. Next band on (Who's name i can't remember) were an instrumental band who played three songs along with a Johnny Rotten (Or Lydon) type guitar player. The songs themselves were very (very, very) long but good on the night. The next band i had seen before and they weren't called the Sex Pistols (?) They were called "Silent troop" who, as i thought, were amazing and got about 20 of the 200 or so people dancing. The gig was for the miners and £80 was made which is a lot but most nights they have discos and things which do'nt even break even (or so i'm told) the bar was a fucking rip off, £1.10 for a pint of cider (phew!) but most people do'nt know much after three (must be pretty strong stuff!) so who cares? (I DO!) I did'nt see any fanzine sellers there but there was hundreds of socialist and miners mags. The fourth band came on but i was talking to a friend out-side, but they sounded okay. Me and my mates then jumped around this girl's house, had a coffee and then pissed off home, unlocked the door, and yes, Mutlee tripped me up and i got me head stuck in a milk bottle.

finis (Gavin from WATERLOO?)  
Distribution - Fanzines, tapes, records  
Elephants etc... STE, II Charnock, records  
Skelmersdale, WNS 912Z England... S&E for list.

## TOILETS FOR DISABLED

The fate of disabled people's amenities in the London Borough of Hampstead was given a new turn in the tale yesterday, when local councillor Dick Scratcher faced a barrage of questions put to him at the local parish bring and buy sale, by a crowd of crutch-wielding protestors. Said Mr Scratcher, drinking a cup of ozo, "I could'nt give a damn about the disabled. They can just ples themselves if it comes to it. If they think that Hampstead council are going to dash out thousands of used notes for lavvy facilities to be used by a bunch of disfigured wallys, then they can jolly well go and crap elsewhere!"

Mr Scratcher, who celebrated his 303rd birthday last month, has been notorious in the past for his anti-disabled marches, leaflet campaigns and the petrol bombing of walking stick shops.

# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF

## Thomas J. Schmuck



4 BORIS THE CAT



6

The insistent knocking at the letterbox was just beginning to reach a hammering crescendo, when Thomas J. Schmuck, with the curious feeling of déjà-vu, decided to wrench his idle frame from his pit and stumble forth swathed in a multitude of bedclothes to jerk open the door. He glowered down at the scarlet scrunched-up features of his landlady. The insipid morning light somehow managed to cluster behind him, almost giving the impression of a halo, and with a weeks growth of stubble combined with unusual attire plus bedraggled shoulder length hair, he could almost scrape a 'B' pass as Jesus of Nazareth. The landlady however was not a catholic.

"Rent" she demanded impassively, freckle-flecked bullworker arms crossed possessively over a non-existent bust. He studied her face for a short while; it was long and pink and reddened around the hairline where thin mousey hair was dragged back off her face into a severe bun at the nape of her neck. He would always briefly fantasise that one day her face would eventually tear under the chin and slide up into that reddened hair-line - gone forever. He reached up to scratch his head and she recoiled from the wafting stench of unwashed armpits.

"Mr. Schmuck" she bawled, now remembering he was deaf, "You have not paid your rent for five months, FIVE MONTHS Mr. Schmuck - now what do you have to say to that?" Then remembering he was also dumb, promptly slapped a large hand over her mouth - She had a remarkable talent for opening her mouth and inserting foot.

"Uh hu?" grunted Thomas uncomprehendingly, cocking his head to one side and regarding her with a glazed expression. Intensely embarrassed, she then proceeded to attempt a short mime act. "Rent, rent" she mouthed, pointing to her outstretched open palm. Thomas' face blended into a smile of recognition, and reaching out grasped her hand in a firm handshake, crushing it in the process. The landlady let out an agonised scream, and freeing her mangled hand, hopped from foot to foot disentangling her fingers one by one. Thomas appeared to be confused at such a peculiar show of gratitude, and therefore with a shrug, stepped back and quietly shut the door. The landlady stopped hopping, and made for the stairs, shaking her head in despair. Inside, Thomas had his ear to the door, a malevolent smile oozing across his face. He waited until her footsteps were no more than a vague echo then switched on the radio.

"Stupid cow" he muttered, contemplating a cup of tea and congratulating himself on his tactics for avoiding numerous rent weeks.

After a breakfast of rubber egg and charcoal toast, Thomas decided to take a short walk into town. The streets were almost solid with January sale shoppers, and Thomas, who was not exactly reknowned for his intelligence, decided it would be a good idea to hold Christmas in January when everything was cheaper. He was still pondering over this possibility when a large orange and black neon sign caught his eye, (almost rendering him blind) The words seemed vaguely familiar, and it was a good few minutes before Thomas could fully comprehend their meaning - it read "Job Centre", and Thomas, intrigued by the mysteries it entailed, decided to enter and browse round for a bit. "I'd like a job please" he smiled brightly at the rather unenthusiastic gentleman situated behind an orange plastic-topped desk. "Manual, office, overseas, nine-to-five, nights, part time or what?" "Uh - you choose" "Is this a McEwains lager advert?" asked the gentleman beginning to show evidence of interest. "Eh?" Thomas often found it difficult to realise other people were not always aware that he was not

### By The beal expert on steam- driven gerbils, DONNA KRACHAN



Wheee  
Ree!!!

quite the full shilling, and that he was simply incapable of making his own decisions.

"C'mon, where's the hidden camera?" the gentleman made an obvious show of straightening his tie and glancing over Thomas' shoulder with a wide-toothed grin. Thomas squared his shoulders; "My name is Thomas.J.Shmuck, and I wish to obtain qualified assistance in my efforts to obtain suitable employment within the british region."

The gentleman collapsed in hysterics;

"Thomas.A-WHAT?"

"Not A - J - Thomas.J.Shmuck."

"Shmuck? - SCHMUCK?? This is Candid Camera is'nt it? C'mon."

C'mon is'nt it?"

"No it's not." replied Thomas in a small voice, somewhat bemused by what the gentleman looked upon as a comical situation.

"It is'nt?" abruptly, the gentleman sobered.

"No - it is'nt, and i would be much obliged sir if you would kindly stop fucking around and get on with your bloody job."

"Ssssh - the T.V. censors you Schmuck." He gasped, then collapsing once more at his own 'witticism'.

Thomas was not pleased. He paused for a fraction of a second to observe the mirth - filled scene before him, then reaching for a large, heavy encyclopaedia entitled "A large, heavy encyclopaedia." proceeded to club the gentleman's skull into an unrecognisable pulp.

"Take that you bastard!" he bawled uncharacteristically before bolting for the door and escaping into the crisp January afternoon.

Now a hardened criminal, Thomas.J.Shmuck pushed his way through the swarming mass of shoppers, sweating profusely and furtively glancing over his shoulder every five seconds to ensure he was not being pursued. So intent was he on escape, that he did not realise he was now running in the middle of the road - until SMACK! (merely a sound effect - nothing to do with heroin) he was mown down by a large double-decker bus.

It seemed many light years before Thomas finally opened his eyes, even then he was almost blinded by bright ultra-violet light, and almost deafened by loud electronic music.

"Where the hell am i?" he enquired, sitting up and scratching his head, a sizzling sound immediately followed and he withdrew his hand with a yelp of pain.

"Radiation." a voice boomed.

"Eh?"

"Your Damned halo Schmuck."

Thomas inspected his blackened hand with dismay.

"Where am i?" he repeated, feeling rather subdued.

"You're in heaven you snivelling little turd - your day of judgement hath come."

"OH NO!!!" Thomas let out a wail of despair, recalling immediately his last deed on earth.

"OH YES!!!" the voice seemed to smirk as it bellowed around him, "And you're really in the shit now, are'nt you? okay Gabriel quit it with the harp will you - what d'you think this is - my birthday? And Mike, dim the lights so i can get rid of the 'Foster Grants'." light died down and silence followed, Thomas blinked

CONTINUED →

HAVE A BANANA!

# far out!

TOGETHER APART - "Songs for Yoko Ono" cassette.

David BEALE sent me this tape. No, it WAS someone called Beal with an 'E'! I couldnt believe it either, reluctantly i prised open the manilla bound package, with the thoughts "Oh Nooooo, hate mail!" running through my foolish mind. I heaved a sigh of relief. No queries as to the meaning of BEAL (it was concocted before anyone knew it was an actual name) and like, it was cool. A cassette linger innerwards. Was it of gluebag puncy material? Well the titles seemed quite in the norm, and as for the lyrics, well it came as no surprise that the tape contained mellow vibes as far reached from punk as Pink Floyd or even Jimmy the Hoover! (WHO?) Oi Dave, how did ya know i've got a weakness for this kinda stuff? a late 60's/early 70's type of muddle muse with a leaning towards near psychedelic proportions! (An envelope all title that, containing a wide spectrum of different styles and silly lyrics) From the opening classic "Just another story", a slow paced run through of first rate material, with some excellant chorus to it as well as a wonderfully wierd backing sound, right through "Boogie woo kabuki" lyrically meaningless of course! the tribalistic chants of "Nona", "Electric Madness" a slice of fuzzed guitar paranoia (Groovy eh?) "D.V.8", The gentle moving "Be who you are" "Lady midnight".. 12 tracks in all, a wonderfully jumbled up potion of various instruments, but curiously, no drums, barring the faint chugging of a

drum machine on a few tracks, perhaps drums would spoil the whole atmosphere of this wonderful selection from this apparently obscure Welsh outfit, one of whom goes under the title of Steve Jones. surely not a pistols connection? The connection between the apparently Lennon influenced title and the sound is quite interesting, it's original at any rate but definately for afficiendo's of 1970's early sounds. And me? Well i'll just be hoping that "Just another story" is taken into mind for vinyl release.... worth buying? unfortunately i was given no price, but write to DAVID BEALE, ONE SPRING GARDENS, TREFECHAN, ABERYSTWYTH, DYFED, WALES, SY23 1BX and investigate at once! Well worth buying. In fact, a must.



TOGETHER APART realising the risk involved sending tape to be reviewed in TOTAL BEAL.

## NEW OPEN-PLAN TOILETS 'A SUCCESS' SAYS TEBBIT



## thomas j. schmuck continued.

and looked around in dazed wonder, absorbing the peculiar scene before him. At either side of him were two men dressed in white leather with "Heav's angels" daubed on their jackets in snottier-green paint. one clutched a harp, the other an enormous sun-lamp which was pointed directly at Thomas. Between the two was a bearded man smoking a 'John Player' filter tip, his forehead was criss-crossed with elastoplast as were the palms of his hands. His T-shirt read "THE BOSS" in large silver print, he sat at a large neon desk on which he placed his feet, an enormous red book and a large microphone. "O.K. Schmuck" he began, opening the book and leafing idly through the pages. "Let's start at the beginning then, shall we? Good, now let's see, Thomas.J.Schmuck - you were found abandoned in the early hours of a cold February morning in the doorway of 'Marks & Spencers', in the year nineteen fifty-one, you were discovered by a milkboy named Thomas - hence you required your present Christian name. However, also on this cold February morning, as you lay there, a helpless abandoned infant, wailing pitifully, a large dog came and crapped on you, and since Marks and Spencer is a Jewish firm, you acquired the surname Schmuck." Saint Michael sniggered, and God shot him with a reprimanding glare. Gabriel smirked with glee. "But what about the 'J'?" ventured Thomas. "Ah - the 'J'! i thought you'd never ask - Well the 'J' has no significance attached after the initial - we just ASSUME it stands for Jerk." "Oh." Said Thomas, feeling decidedly dejected. "I fell decidedly dejected." "And you have good reason to feel so." replied God, reaching forward to switch on the microphone. "However Thomas.J.Schmuck." He boomed, "For the simple reason that you are nothing but a pathetic, mindless snottier little worm, and that your beginning was as worthless as the animal excretion you were found in, i am prepared to forget your end and give you one last chance." "Oh THANKYOU your most honourable majestic highness,

"I'll-do ANYTHING." grovelled Thomas. Once again he was blinded by light and deafened by tuneless noise from the electric harp, God's voice boomed all around him. "Schmuck, i'll give you one last chance to relive today starting from this morning - and try and not cock it up again, eh? - Oh, and by the way -" Thomas was just in time to see the big red book come hurtling towards him, "Thomas.J.Schmuck - THIS IS YOUR LIFE!!!" The book clobbered him on the head, rendering him unconscious, there was a sensation of spiralling into infinite darkness - then nothing.....

...The insistent knocking at the letterbox was just beginning to reach a hammering crescendo, when Thomas.J Schmuck, with the curious feeling of deja-vu decided to wrench his idle frame from his pit and stumble forth swathed in a multitude of bedclothes.....

THE AMAZING PUDDING/OPEL. various issues. Especially designed for Pink Floyd freaks everywhere! This is a double package of A) A Pink Floyd fanzine with the main article being a very extensive review of a Roger Waters gig, with lots of gig photos, interviews, press cuttings etc. For anyone into the Floyd and a good read at the same time. Price is 30p i think.. B) OPEL, i have two of these issues in my grubby grasp, and what this is is a fanzine all about the Floyd founder, Syd Barrett, full of interviews, photos, cuttings, very interesting vinyl rarities reviews and lots of other things. Brilliant stuff, but then again, only good if you like Syd Barrett and Pink Floyd! (Which i must say that i do... aargh, happy head!) Judging by the numbers of these issues, 3 & 4, it's only the tip of the ice cube! I must read more. Price of OPEL is 25p. SAE in all cases to IVOR TREWMAN, 15 WINCHESTER ROAD, HALLINGTON, MIDDLESEX, UB3 59B A.P. is issue 4, & there's been a new issue since then....Have fun!!!

SNABBA ON  
THE 24-4

JAMESY  
SUPPORTED GUITAR

8

# Red Brigade

Yes Folks, Your faves and mine, the RED BRIGADE - proof that the world-wide theory of life after John Noakes really does measure up as 1984

becomes but a mere foggy memory in your LSD pickled brain. And there we have it, exclusive pix of the band no-one is talking about. Let it be told that they pay down and out milk-men huge amounts of money to cheer at their concerts, and that they are all avid collectors of Saudi-Arabian beer mats.

For some time now, these cats have strut their stuff on the pages of many a way-out publication, man. Not forgetting filling countless compilation tapes and vacant brain-cells with some cool notes, (having also managed, (with amazing surprise to Mrs Gertie Dunge, I4, the crescent, Penge) to get their acne'd beaks into the previous two Total Beals',) could this be due to the editor being in the band? And coming off none the wiser as a result.

Surely you now have the message, the demo tape? the live tape? the video?? Woweeeee brother, howsabouts laying your hands on some of them harmonials at no extra cost other than a stamp? (Soaped, natch.) IT'S EASY! When you know how. (And the organiser of this racket on 1st name terms) All you gotta do is take that herby cheroot outa your yellowing digits, grab a copy of "The Highway Code" and "Roget's Thesaurus" Then get your Karma working MMMAAAAAAAAAAN. Just answer these simple questions. It's a sinch!

- 1) Name the term given to the occurrence when all four members of the Red Brigade (false limbs included) get together and create a god awful din. (N.B. this is not to be confused with the sounds of Des O'Conner emanating from next door's Hi-fi.)
- 2) Who once said "The world is like a biscuit - well not really, because it could be like a square shaped biscuit, and besides, it could be broken." Was it A) Francois Mitterand B) Magnus Pyke. C) Neil of the Young Ones. or D) Confuscious
- 3) Explain the presence of the microorganism Bc23 in the clone community referring to the state of X3.
- 4) Complete this sentence. "I Think the Red Brigade are the ugliest band ever, BECAUSE

WRITE TO  
UNCLE JAMESY  
FOR ALL  
FURTHER  
INFO!

Join The BEAL DISCIPLES!  
FOR CLUB OF BEAL!  
FREE OF CHARGE MANN!

sweet and sour

P.S. By the way, this article has no relevance whatsoever to the current position of the Red Brigade in the british charts (Not even near them) ACTUALLY, R.B. are indulging in a "lie-low-and-hope-they-do'n't-spb-t-us, Maaaaaann." period at the moment and are contemplating Tex exile from heavy VAT on lager, pea shooters and grease-proof Y-fronts. Still, why should'n't you write in anyway? (even if it is to endure a torrent of abuse. HO HO!) We also play coffee mornings, open supermarkets, doctors & nurses (females compulsory) and do a nice line in interior decor. We'd also look very appealing on T.V. Any offers, Channel 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

on April 3

TO MENTION  
TUCKY THE DUMPER  
CHARLIE

SIX TRACK

demo - £1.50 + SAE  
(with practice session)  
14 TRACK LIVE TAPE  
£1 + SAE  
VIDEO - 25 + TAPE (2 BANDS)

note - this competition is open only to members of the Red Brigade, their bestest friends (what friends?) pets, families and employees of the Alfred Boggs Pneumatic girdle company. Anyone saying otherwise is a cad and you deserve to boil to death in your own pus. HAH!

FOLLOWING BRUCE WATT'S EXCITING AND FOOLISH STORY OF A FARMHAND'S LIFE IN A CORNFLAKES BOX WITH A RAMPANT DALEK.....

## reality

Cheap welsh

EVERYTHING had doubled in size since yesterday. No-one knew except me. I smiled at passers by. Occasionally exchanging head-butts, or karate chopping old women. A policeman followed me. I had a sensible job. I had been buying return tickets for one way journeys for years now, ripping off the state. They were onto me now. a police van was following me

I decided to tango with a lamp post. The lamp post thought otherwise, and stood marsh and cold, impassive to my demands. Several police vans were following me now.

Suddenly i was sane. I watched the cars. Tiny satellites of a greater whole. The city was grey. I could see my life unfold before me. A long motorway, down which i accelerated, staying on the right side until the fuel ran dry. Stop. Jo. Wait a minute? ere had i gone wrong?

I waited at a bus stop. a business man was reading a newspaper. i decided to kneel him in the genitals, to see what colour his vomit would be. Before i could move, as if sensing my thoughts, he lowered his newspaper. A giant cricket's head sat on his pin-striped shoulders. "I shouldn't if i were you." He warned in a cultured voice.

"Why not?" I asked. "Because then you would fall victim to your own fantasy. Your subconscious, being predominant in your mind, and being self-destructive, would kill you. In other words, you would subconsciously, which now means consciously, will me to bite your head off."

Insane or not, i knew this pillock was giving me shift. "Eat fist, sucker!" I cried, ramming my fist into his face.

He did. And half my arm too. But I do'nt have time to explain how i managed to get to work minus one

Arm, one leg and half a head, because this is alternative reality. Remember?



## 3



**NEW ALBUMS** this week include the new MOIRA ANDERSON elpee, live from her last Russian tour, it's a 5-1/2 set & will retail at around £45....for the real Moira fans among you it is a bit "Pricey" but you also get a free (??) bit of lucky white heather - and a booklet on how to sing properly. ROLAND RAT releases his long-overdue debyo album "Rat poison". all the other "TOTAL BEAT!" staff wish that he'd go and take some, but they've paid me to say that I liked it but I'm (not) pleased to see PAUL DANIELL's Luck Paul!! (what fool would let a man are a fan of Kajaagggooooogggooo, there i'm sure they have better things to do for the fever LIMAH!, i still think you when all these nice, safe "WHITE TEETH" have to put out extremely boring songs are a family of colgate-promoting JENNY RICHARD/OSMONDS cross-over her....what

YES, it's the TOTAL BEAL!

# radical gooseberry

# RECORD CHARTS

Hyped beyond belief with **pam o'mahand**

Hi kids, are you one who has ever sifted through the inky columns of the record charts and thought to yourself "AHHH! IS'NT THIS GOOD?" Y'know, the charts that appear in SOUNDS NME, BEANO, COSMOPOLITAN, SMASH HITS and THE NEW DEIRI TIMES to name but a few..... Well, with the aid of our intrepid Swiss contact, Doctor Heinrich Carbuncle, we have compiled, after several weeks touring seedy record shops and many hours hanging around supermarkets waving clenched fists and grimacing at unsavoury shoppers, we have brought for your due pleasure, the REAL record charts..... the indie face of Britain.....including several 'bootleg' singles by famous artistes.... EMI's nightmare! so in the words of Dr Carbuncle the mad swiss cheese philosopher "Zeze charts vill change ze face ov polynesian pheasant plucking for many generations to come.....dig?" we leave you to decompose in all earnest.

**MOTORHEAD with NEIL KINNOCK** going for it babe, at number 7.

TOP THIRTY SINGLES.... as compiled by the Carbuncle/ Beal agency for the unscrupulous.

- |  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| 1 - There's a <u>REALLY</u> naughty video for this record. David Bowie   | Rhubarb crumble  |
| 2 - Scarecrow rapping hood. The Michael Foot band  | rubber banana    |
| 3 - Hole in my esophagus. A long haired chappie  | Karma records    |
| 4 - Nick Beggs is a poofter. Llmahl  | F++K off         |
| 5 - Coronation street (dub version) Psychic radiogram  | plop             |
| 6 - The drinks are on me! Michael Jackson  | KKK              |
| 7 - Go for it baby! Motorhead with "nauseating" Neil Kinnock   | woodnose         |
| 8 - Andy Pandi is hooked on shandy. Pelicity Kendal's bum  | goodlife         |
| 9 - Village granpa attacked by whales. B&C sound effects dept.   | SBC 3            |
| 10 - Lowlife. Nik Kershaw  | shortarse        |
| 11 - Once we were famous, now we're even <u>MORE</u> famous. Spandau ballet  | Skreetch         |
| 12 - Nonentitys on 45. another bunch of rip-off "kick-ass mothers"   | Persil           |
| 13 - Wow man, is this an acid trip or astrological fallout? Redundant combs.   | Greasy egg       |
| 14 - The walk. John Cleese   | ronco            |
| 15 - I remember you (you bastard) "vicious" Frank Ifield   | Wang             |
| 16 - Cowhorn hernia e.p. John De Lorbreaker with the white dust band.  | coca-cola        |
| 17 - Gillette is for wets. ZZ top  | No Future        |
| 18 - Hey mon, just get wired into de groovy rivvum. Sugar Ray Solzhenitzen   | frostbitten face |
| 19 - Honestly, i love you ethnic chappies(club mix) P.W. Botha & U.B.40  | plop             |
| 20 - Yeah baby i love you, honey babe & more cliché's. Frank Sinatra   | subvert carrot   |
| 21 - If i DID'NT rule the world. Bruce Forsyth   | Big Beat         |
| 22 - I was born under a 1962 Anglia. Freddy kipperface   | Haggis           |
| 23 - gotta'cut the grass! Mick "the trousers" Finnigan   | Old Bailey       |
| 24 - Back in the E.E.C. Crosby stills and Grimshaw   | faggot           |
| 25 - Righto, let's see if we can con everyone into making this single a huge success...those gullible morons will buy anything with our name written on the label. Duran Duran | Bootleg          |
| 26 - P.C. Plo'd's knee in my groin (remix) Noddy Belafonte   | Pile records     |
| 27 - Kick the C++ts head in!!! Howard Jones  | parrot           |
| 28 - The Hokey-Cokey. Edward Heath   | flatulate        |
| 29 - Green christmas. Bing "mucus" Crosby with David Bowie's home help   | Leper's legs     |
| 30 - State violence state control. Moira Anderson  | Hoochter         |

**SIMON LE BON** - a con man in his own right, ripping off at no. 25.

## TWO YEARS AGO.

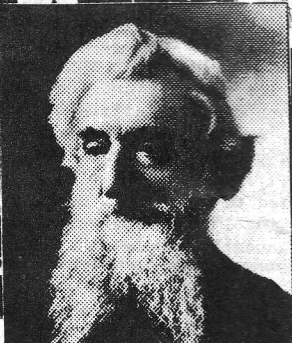
- |   |                       |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 - Illiterate little B++ard. ABC                             | record company        |
| 2 - We are family. Brother Toboggan                           | Fireplace             |
| 3 - Burning my bra. Hsawitoru Hewatottoto & David Sylvian     | Mumbum                |
| 4 - Ace of hearts. Magdir yacoub with XTC                     | Sweet & sour chicken  |
| 5 - passion stimulator E.P. Zsa Zsa Gabor band                | morbid cactus         |
| 6 - Hey- this is 2 years ago!!! Russel Grant                  | facelift records      |
| 7 - Teenage Dream. some overweight burnt out baldy old rocker | suspect               |
| 8 - Hi! Big boy. Ed "fruity drawers" Honker                   | elvis' armpit records |
| 9 - Hot dog jive. Greasy Al Horrendous                        | oddball               |
| 10 - How does it feel (not to be laughed at in the streets)   | Stiff                 |
| Des O' Connor   | plop                  |

## FIVE YEARS AGO

- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| 1 - YIPPEEE!!!! number one again! ABBA  | rip-off        |
| 2 - Terrorists in tescos. The Shadows with Orson Welles   | stash          |
| 3 - Five mile posterior. Rod Stewart  | breezy kilt    |
| 4 - PIP! PIP! Montague hughes-beaumont  | fresh heir     |
| 5 - Hey hey do you have any skins man? rampant vacuums  | dopey          |
| 6 - didn't make number one, still it's not so bad. ABBA   | rip-off        |
| 7 - Wow guys, this is a DISCO record, so get on down and strut your stuff man! Four cool dudes with cool shades and cool threads. | big mamma      |
| 8 - Five years from now i bet that everyone will be wondering what happened to me. Ignacius O' Plaffery                           | rosary beat    |
| 9 - Strawberry flavoured flagpole. an early acid casualty   | day-trip       |
| 10 - I'm going to kill myself!!!!...er, i mean it....really..   | blue toadstool |
| ..no jokes...ah, f++k it. The Cleethorpe wonder   |                |

## FIFTY YEARS AGO compiled by Boring old bastard promotions Ltd.

- |  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1 - The nursery rhyme bootlegs. Tom Alva-large-one Edison                                | record company              |
| 2 - A life on the ocean wave. Errol! disco duck "Flynn                                   | Lightbulb                   |
| 3 - Winnie the Pooh suffers massive business losses on Wall street. The Scargill sisters | His master's liberty-bodice |
| 4 - I was brought up on Hovis and whippet dirt. Rolling stones                           | crumpet                     |
| 5 - Johnny wants to do a wee-wee mummy. The original olde ovaltinees                     | wheatgerm                   |
| 6 - The goosestep rap. Joseph Stalin and the red undergarments                           | trous                       |
| 7 - You cant say "on fiddlesticks" on the wireless. Gracie Fields                        | commie bastard              |
| 8 - YES. WE HAVE BOXES OF THOSE BLOODY BANANAS!!!. angry Joe smith(grocer)               | steam telly                 |
| 9 - The charleston (remix 12") the Monty bogie snot quartet with Max Jaffa               | cabbage                     |
| 10 - I think i'll stay in Germany forever. Neville Chamberlin                            | whoosh                      |



\*\*\*\*\*

Wooooaaahhh!! here it is! the Riot city Dischord biteth back. "9 out of 10 glue heads who expressed a preference, said they preferred Riot city dischord" the cover sez (or something like that) after the fracas in Sounds and all that, the very thought of a live l.p. of the Chaos brotherhood still seemed too much to be humanely possible to bear, even though they have been exposed as Vice Squad and co. And this is it! the real McCoy, or is it? After all, this isn't even a live album, nor is it in New York... the false applause is culled from a WHO live album.... There's no holding these boys back when they've had a few in them!

If you're a fan of the Dischord, which i must say that i am, then this glossily covered l.p. is a treat, even if it is to count out how many times the word FUCK is pronounced. Loads of new material, and a fair share of old. "Fuck Religion" and "Fuck the world" are here, as well as the "Do'n't throw it all away" I2" Gem, "ANARCHY in woolworths" although MACI's is in the place of Woolworths. Just for the Americans, and just look at the titles- "Revolting things make me happy", "We're so fucking deep and meaningful", "Get off My fucking allotment" (a dig at crass?)

"Me and my girl" (seal clubbing) David Essex hang you head in shame... Bad taste and the obscene comments are of the essence and they don't believe in rationing them out either. We hear a mysterious Dischord'er doleing out ample jokes aimed at taking the piss out of the americans, and the audience love it! "Refugee" and "Family man" seem fairly normal titles, but they're still pure dischord! ACE. altho the lyrics are often near discernable, the Fuck's are in pure stead, and they carry the "Fuck religion" banner with "He tried to hammer home religion" (so they nailed him to a cross) "What the fuck's going on?" is merely a ridiculous guitar tune-up! Haman, "I've got a headache" The lyrics are just Pure LEMON! "Someone's nicked my giro" and the sequel, "Giro rides again"..at YOUR local cinema NOW. AAAARRRGHHH!!!! the titles roll on.. "You're the ugliest thing i've ever seen" and "Who the fuck are you?" display a hidden subtlety, an innermost talent for charm and romanticism. "Fuck new york" a fitting tribute, and the olde "Fuck the world" their philosophy to global life. In the flood of serious, anarchy motivated political bands these days, Chaotic Dischord bring a welcome relief. Of course, the Cynics will say it's rubbish, but as Ransid would say it, Who gives a Fuck?

C. Dischord. The men who turn sound checks into songs.....

stage any sort of self-affrontage. Not satisfied with this, he thrust a copy of his debut musical enema under my acne-d beak. "If i ruled the world " is his boast...his first (and hopefully last) single.....can we expect to see our Dennis up there a-swaying and a-singing with those sultry young maidens on Top of the pops? if PHIL COLLINS can do it then anyone can.....

How many of you actually remember ME? - most people i have met have criticised me for not showing my ace face in public since the demise of the world's greatest ever entertainment show, which shall remain nameless. Truth is, i've written 2 new books, both of which were refused by the publisher and siezed under the health and safety act 1972. Subsequently, i got involved in a film score with no less a mortal of this earth than BILL WYMAN! you know, the chap who plays in that dreadfully nasty band of teenagers, the ROLLING STONES. Well, the music score, let it be known that it was for a Chilean Snuff movie, was left overnight in Bill's breadbin, and was mistaken for his steamy diaries by a group known as the Bolivian Vegetable Rehabilitation Murder Squad. They offered us \$150,000 and a plane to Morocco to take BACK the papers. In the meantime, i'm considering a star slot in CORONATION STREET, i am led to believe that they want me to play the part of Emily Bishop's roll-on-deodorant....what do you folks think? do you still love me?????????

# THE hughie green Column



I was talking to DENNIS THATCHER over a quiet G & T the other day, in the snug of the White cat bar in the olde west end. "I'm thinking of investing shares in Timex hemmarioid ointment " retorted the isle's best known inebriate... Funny is it not that Dennis always liked to start from the bottom. Still, not that it's got him any further than the Goose & musket arms in Kensington.

When asked why i did'n't fix it so he could appear on "OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS" in'74, i merely replied that a one man claret drinking act would not stand much chance, and also due to the fact that old Dennis was far too under the affluence of incohol to

## CHAOS U K "Short sharp shock"

\*\*\* 1/2 \*\*\*

The thrash thrashes back - here I am landed with the short, sharp shock of another helping of Chaos U.K vinyl, the band you always knew were going to be here in '84, creating as much noise as ever. The personnel has changed though, the bassist being the only one left from the 'Burning Britain' period, still standing-or not, as the cider consumption may prove. After a considerable lack of knowledge of their activities or even if they still were together, here I am with their second LP The long awaited follow-up of fuzzed fury - hardcore heroics from new guitarist Gabba, ex of those Nottingham boppers, The Seats Of Piss, the new mouth of Mower on vocals (is he on grass?) and a new drum-basher, and this is their out look on life for to take us through 1985.



CHAOS U.K. receive flak on review of latest album.

The titles seem fairly predictable, and what you always expected them to churn out, 'Lawless Britain', 'Control' and 'Global Domination' being the better bashes from these havoc packed grooves. 'Living In Fear' satisfies the punky palate, with the Moomins theme tune taped off the telly being a good ol' Chaos U.K intro- is it the best tune on the LP? I fear so, The foolish post-"Screen test" activities of the Chaos U.K'ers still exists, displayed here in a poor version of the classic "Farmyard Boogie" from their 1st LP... sorry boys!!! It went on for a bit too long and hadn't the same 'Hit' as the original-some amusing Bumbkin philosophy though!

On the whole, "S.S.S." is a reasonable comeback to the vinyl scene, but not quite classic material. Perfect for the migraine suffering neighbour- Watch 'em suffer more!! BEN D. MANN

Are'n't you just sick of that old fogey BRUCE FORSYTH? despite stealing my hairstyle and then plopping a disgustingly unrealistic squirrel's posterior, masquerading as a toupee of all things, on top of his rapidly balding pate, he STILL continues to live..... Has britain not yet had enough of "The Chin"? and those craggy features.....? C'mon Bruce, we all love a good t.v. quiz show, but why can't it be given to a more youthful, handsome stallion?..... such as ME may i suggest?.....

The other sunday ROBERT CARRIER, the poof of the pudding, came round to my 'pad' ( as all you young 'cats' would have it) with a crate of a rather tasty white wine and a " Carrier bag" (oh dear, how can i be so funny?) full of the latest ace releases by CONFLICT, BILLY BRAGG, THE CULT, and a rather interesting DAMNED live bootleg. After several bottles of Fruity plonk ( in Robert's case DEFINATELY fruity) he announced that he was thinking of being a roadie for 999. Some 'dudes' have all the luck-en? When asked if he really got his meat from Tesco's, Bob replied " I grow my own cows and i just cut off bits whenever i need them " Is "big Bob" really such a nice boy that we alknow of?

Toodle pip for the time being, and i mean that most sincerely folks.....!!!

luv Hughie

**POLITICAL**  
**HOOGWĀSH?**

# Political ASYIUM

POLITICAL ASYLUM are a five piece band from Stirling (Moss?) in The heart of Scotland. For the uneducated amongst you who are wondering about the exact position of this, it is next to the lungs and lies in the upper torso. **Bummi**, They've Done two demo's (Both good) Appeared in innumerable Fanzines compilation tapes and if you think that i'm going to blabber on about the past 3 years of their existence then you're bloody far mistaken, ON WITH THE SHOW.



ANYWAY, 3 O'Clock was the destined start to the gig, and was it not? No, The ALTERNATIVE, who were to play, were assigned the important duty of getting the P.A. (& I do'n't mean Ramsey & co either...) BUT they did not. Could it have all been down to the fact that they threatened to pull out if Political Asylum played? Or did Rodney Relax in front of the telly? who knows.... After hours of drip-drying and reading of purchasing fanzines as well as



Exclusive, never-seen-before, just back from the chemist's etc shot of PETE and TAM whiling away the hours on the ferry to Ireland

It was only after a long day spent at the mercy of "ALEXANDER'S" public transport and a bumpy journey longer than last month's marzipan bill, that i met up with Ramsey of the famous(?) POLITICAL ASYLUM in chilly Edinburgh. Hiking past passing hordes of long-haired chappies (as if i could be excused!) en route to the Motorhead concert, we met up with P.A's guitarist Stephen, who was obviously going with intent to nick some of Lemmy's taccus. This Political Asylum lot you would not recognise as being the perpetrators of rowdy vibes at ten paces. Visions of 8-inch green mohawks, tartan strides and peroxidised bits immediately fell down the drain. A few minutes and a service double decker later, and we were at our destination. AAARRGGCHHH!! BUSES! Still, on the way down, i'd stopped in by Dundee and grabbed some hot second hand vinyl, so if the band were kidnapped that night and the gig next day was a no-go, i'd be able at least to drown the sorrows in some mellow grooves. Maan.

some mellor grooves, man. But they were NOT kidnapped, and the proposed musical clash of the disortion boxes in Kircaldy was definately ON. Or so it seemed anyway. After a night of punky vibes, toast and slumber (Thanks for putting up with us, Boggy) we were all set to hike orff to our destined venue for the day. Did it rain or did it rain! Okay, it poured with rather damp rain at an extreme amount of imperial gallons and to top it all, i'd left my Surrealist Noddy Brolly in the house!

Meeting up with the two other Edinburgh groups who were wetting themselves at the prospect of gigging (Or perhaps it could have been the rain) The Abuse and Martial Law, who are excludified elsewhere, The Train Chug-chug-chugged it's way over the creaky and in dire need of draught excluder Forth Rail Bridge (the other 3 were closed for repapering...grooaaannn!) To Kircaldy. On Arrival at the big 'K', alas, the rain was no drier so we trekked, in single file clasping onto each other's coats for fear of being swept away in a tumultuous... .. (Continued "Scott of the Antarctic goes to see Political Asylum")

A new experience!

The Full Political Asylum line up + some eager would-be members, taken at the Swiss roll club, Rutland.

holding "I'm-a-lot-drier-than-you" contests, the bands DID play and the gig DID go more or less as planned, even if the Blood Robots and the Alternative didn't play. I do n't think one person paid to get in either! i certainly did n't! And AAAARRRGHHH!!! i did n't take my camera either! Black & white film too, i could've took some ace live snaps to drape in the interior of this inferior mag. SIGH! Oh well, as Confucious say, "All that glitters is not a Political Asylum demo tape." and i bought one too - the second demo, and it's jolly good! Their live performance was "Wipeout!" (as some BEAL concerns would have it) The thing that i was impressed with most, i think, was the ace freetwork by Stephen, who is a really good guitarist, bordering into a rock/ punky pastiche of solos and rythmn, with some good effects on a few of the songs. And Ramesy's distinctive vocal style, SUNG rather than SHOUTED... take a lesson, budding punk stars? And also everyone else's paisley effect 27-inch flares (EH?) Surley not, ANYWAY This obviously had some sort of effect on the knee caps as you can see, as i've turned a blind eye to common sense and given them a much sought after (and much dumped once they realise what it's all about) Total beal interview!!! What more can i say? i am without words..... Run interview.....!

QuEstiOn OnE...HOW DID YOU RATE YOUR PERFORMANCE  
AT THE ANIMAL AID GIG IN KIRCALDY?

PETE; "I thought we played okay, although the sound was a bit dodgy as usual. I thought the crowd were great, a lot less apathetic than at a lot of gigs these days." OH.....  
TAM; "I thought we played quite well that night, but we can play a lot better usually."  
RAMSEY; "We played okay, though we are capable of a lot better. The trouble is that due to having no equipment (pete doesn't even own his own guitar and Tam has no drums) We never practice, well we practiced 3 times in 1984, so, if we could practice regularly, we'd be shit hot! The main thing about the gig though was at least folk seemed to be paying attention to us, which was/is gratifying, and maybe means we're getting somewhere."

QuEstiOn TwO....IF YOU WERE OFFERED A PLACE WITH  
A NAME PUNK BAND WHICH MEANT THAT YOU WOULD HAVE  
TO LEAVE THE GROUP PERMANANTLY,OR OTHER WISE,  
WOULD YOU DO IT? (good, eh?)

PETE: "I heard the Damned were after me to replace Captain Sensible, but i said no because they could'nt offer me enough money. Seriously though, definately not, i'm happy doing what i'm doing at the moment. I could never piss off to another band just because they're 'bigger' than Political Asylum although if Duran Duran ask me i'll consider it."

TAM: "I'm in a name band. Ha Ha."



RAMESEY: "Nah, Political Asylum will be famous one day anyways (ahem) and so I'm quite prepared to wait for that day. In the meantime as well as playing with Political Asylum, I'm playing bass (What a multi-talented chap I hear you say) for the internationally famous OI POLLOI, but that's not serious, they need a bassist, and they play lots of Discharge covers so I could 'at resist!'"

QUESTION THREE - IF SOME CHAP WITH SILLY SPECS AND A BEARD CAME UP TO YOU AND SAID "HEY MAN, WE WANT TO HAVE YOU GUYS ON THE TELLY TO DO SOME WIDEOUT VIBES!" WOULD YOU ACCEPT?

PETE: "Yes, I would definitely. I can't understand the people who's aim is to 'Make people more aware' who say that they wouldn't appear on something like Top of the Pops because it's 'False' and 'Selling out'. Most people watch TV so there's much more chance of people listening to what you've got to say if you appear on it - That makes sense I think?"

TAM: "There's a fuck all wrong with wearing silly specs - ask Ramsey and Pete! If we were asked to play on telly I would."

RAMESEY: "Yep, I think if we were asked to go on TV I would, though I would feel a right doxx miming. As Pete says, the potential for reaching a much wider audience, which we want to do, is only thing you've got to be wary of is the setting does 'nt totally negate what you're saying, but then again, no-one ever slagged the Ruts or the UK Subs for doing Top of the Pops. And I'd just like to say, that if the guy has specs then he's got to be cool - come the revolution, all you two eyed tossers will be up against the wall!"

QUESTION FOUR - WHAT ARE YOUR CHOICES FOR FAVE TELEVISION PROGRAMMES? (Hector & house etc.)

PETE: "Mind in the Willows is Barry (No, not the boys name - it's an Edinburgh slang word which means fab, which in case you do 'nt know is short for fabulous) I also like Dunderdale Farm (Honest!) and the Professionals. (Christ, they're so macho, I want to be one when I grow up)"

TAM: "I hardly ever watch the telly. But when I do it's something that's funny. (Young ones, Danger mouse)"

RAMESEY: "I do 'nt usually watch the telly, there is 'nt one in the flat where I live at the moment, and most TV is just brainwashing shit that perpetuates the status quo anyway (OH, a bit spiteful towards JACKANORY I see!) The only thing I used to make a point of watching was the football and good comedy like not the nine o' clock news, blackadder etc..."

QUESTION FIVE - ARE THERE ANY PLACES IN BRITAIN, OR FOR THAT MATTER, OVERSEAS, THAT YOU'D LIKE TO PLAY?

PETE: "No, not really. I'll play anywhere, although a tour of Russia should be interesting." TAM: "I do 'nt really mind where I play. I like playing anywhere!"

START HERE!

RAMESEY: "I'd love to play anywhere in Britain or the world, but seeing as I'm Egyptian I'd like to go to Egypt, return home one day and do the Middle Eastern tour. If anyone can get us a gig (We'll play anywhere for travelling expenses), then please write to me at 3 BALMORAL PLACE, STRALING, SCOTLAND, FK8 2RD....ta."

QUESTION SIX - WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY LARGER VENUES?

PETE: "Yes. (Short shit answer but I can't think of anything else to say.)"

TAM: "Yes." (A man of indisputably many words)

RAMESEY: "Yes, but it depends on how much they would pay to get in and what the bouncers were like - high admission prices, and violent bastards as bouncers, then I wouldn't play."

# Have fun with..

## POLITICAL ASYLUM!



Stephen, previously known as "The hooded" in stage gear."

QUESTION SEVEN - WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF A RATHER NASTY PUNCH UP STARTED DURING THE SET AND IT WAS GETTING A BIT TOO HEATED FOR COMEDY?

PETE: "Run and hide. No, I think we'd stop playing first (Then hide) and try and break it up. Then tell them if they wanted to carry on fighting, to go outside and do it. If they carried on fighting, I'd get Ramsey to throw them out. Ha ha."

TAM: "Try and stop it first, then probably stop playing till everything settles down."

RAMESEY: "Well, fortunately, to my knowledge there's never been any fighting at the gigs we've played, so as yet we've never had to face that situation, but if it did happen, I think I would exit rather quickly because I'm a coward, and have this strange fear of pain. But nah, I think the band has a certain responsibility, and we would have to stop playing and try and sort things out. But hopefully the situation will never arise - our gigs are so groovy that everyone just gets down on it and does their own thing man, and there's never any trouble..."

### BY OUR INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

RAMESEY: "Specs are in."

RAMESEY: "I'm not quite sure what you mean there. We've sold to date, well, I'm not sure, but it must be over a thousand of the first demo Fresh hate, and a couple of hundred of the new one, Valium for the masses. They are sold by us at gigs that we play or gigs that we go to. Through the post (If anyone out there in reader land wants a copy) They are available from me, Fresh Hate has fifteen studio tracks and lasts for around 55 minutes. Valium for the masses has 6 new studio tracks, and lasts around a full hour. Fresh hate can be yours for a mere £1.25 and SAE and Valium, which comes on a TDK tape, for £1.50 and SAE. Both tapes come with A4 covers, including lyrics. There are loads of other folk who sell the demos for us too, thanks to everyone who does so. And we also a lot through shops. As for future releases, our debut single (As yet we do 'nt know what to call it, so smart suggestions on a postcard please.) Should be recorded at the end of January. It will be out on Children of the revolution records (Through the Cartel) and should have four tracks. We have 'nt decided which four yet, but two of them should be Apathy and System of war. Other plans of ours include releasing a live tape sometime, and we are also putting a track on a split E.P. to be released on BBP records."

QUESTION NINE - I TAKE IT THAT YOU ARE 'NT TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE ALTERNATIVE, HOW IS THIS?

PETE: "I don't know what it's about really, We heard that they thought we were Hypocrites/pop stars/ Just in it for the money etc etc, so I've written to Rodney to try and sort it out between us."

TAM: "Cos they are always slagging us off behind our backs. ("Heavy metal popstars that are just in it for the money") which is totally untrue. Everytime we play, we lose money. In Belfast we lost £100. And it's very rare if we ever get our expenses back. So much for being in it just for the money!"

QUESTION TEN - WERE ASKING NOT YOU FUNK OF THESE POLITICAL ASYLUM CHAPS, THEN?

RAMESEY: "We've heard various rumours from various different sources, and the Alternative told the organiser of the Animal Aid gig in Kircaldy (He told us this himself) that if Political Asylum played, they wouldn't play. As for us being pop stars and only in it for the money, well, we've only made a profit once out of the 15 gigs we played in 1984, and made £22. We either broke

WE TAKE IT FROM ME TEL, WOULD I HAVE AIPID INTO MY EVER BUGGING I WUET TO BUY THEIR TWO CASSETTES IF I WERE NOT QUITE SURE THAT IT WASNT TOP QUALITY GEAR. BY THE WAY TEL, HOW LABOURS 27 GALLONS OF FINE QUALITY TURQUOISE UNDISCOUNT IN VIEW OF THIS WEEKS WAGES...

Best Folk-song collection in the world?

# Character and quality at no extra cost

14

even (Such as on benefits for the striking miners etc) or lost money, as in most of the gigs. We've never played a gig (Except Belfast where it was £2.50 for an all dayer with 15 bands) where the admission was over £1.50, and gigs we've organised ourselves, we've never charged more than £1."

**Question Ten - DO YOU LIKE STUDIO WORK MORE THAN LIVE WORK, OR WHATEVER.....DO YOU THINK YOU GET A BETTER SOUND LIVE OR ON DEMOS (silly question!)**

**PETE:** "You get a better sound in studios because you can take your time over songs to get them right, but i prefer playing live, especially if we get a good crowd reaction."

**TAM:** "I prefer playing live, because i usually enjoy myself at gigs, but we get a better sound in the studio."

**RAMESY:** "The reason we, and any band, sounds better in the studio is because you're listening to hours of work on each song, recorded on excellent quality equipment. The stuff we use live is usually not that brilliant, so it will sound fuzzy or distorted, or not too clear live. I enjoy doing both, they are both different. We probably sound a bit more powerful and punky live."

**Question Eleven - WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL BE THE NEXT PHASE OF PUNK, IN DIFFERENT STYLE, APPROACH AND THE LIKE. DO YOU THINK THAT THERE IS A LACK OF ORIGINALITY WITH MOST BANDS?**

**PETE:** "Who knows, hopefully it will take a more positive approach and try to reach out to a wider audience. Musically i think a lot of bands do lack originality. They seem more interested in churning out 3 chord thrash as opposed to trying something new."

**RAMESY:** "I can't really tell, as i've mislaid my crystal ball. Perhaps it will start to get bigger again, Now the Toy Dolls have been in the charts with

their worst song). There are a lot of really original bands at the moment and there is a lot of dross. But it's probably the same in all musical fields, but apart from the sales of punk records, punk is doing okay at the moment, it seems more sincere now, and also more political - a good thing. (Is it?) than ever before, which can only be a step in the right direction."

**Question Twelve - DO YOU DO ANY COVER VERSIONS AT THE MOMENT, OR ARE YOU INTENDING TO INTRODUCE ANY INTO YOUR SET?**

**PETE:** "No, not at the moment. I wouldn't mind doing a version of 'The green fields of France' by the Fureys and Davey Arthur. It's an excellent Anti-war song."

**TAM:** "I'd like to do a cover version, but with five different musical tastes in the band it'd be impossible to agree on anything."

**RAMESY:** "We tried to do a cover of Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid' once, (we had different lyrics, making the 'Paranoid' bit about a conscientious objector) but me, Tam and Pete wanted to play it fast, and Stephen and Norman wanted to play it the normal slow 'heavy' way. So we gave up on that idea. We already do a cover of Six pack by Black Flag! Buy Fresh hate and you'll understand what i'm talking about!"

**Question Thirteen - ANY AMBITIONS THAT YOU HAVE? (Conquering the world aside)**

**PETE:** "I want to release a single with me playing all the instruments etc. I'll do that when P.A. are famous so i'll be sure it'll sell!"

**TAM:** "I've only ever had one ambition, and that was to appear in Total Beal!" (Sir, i am overcome....HAH!)

**RAMESY:** "Well, my ambition was to conquer the world, but i'm not allowed to say that, so i'm not saying anything!"

**Question Fourteen - AND FINALLY, ARE YOU PLEASED WITH THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE FROM THE WARSAW PACT-LUNCH COUNTRIES WHO CONTINUE TO FLOCK TO THIS COUNTRY AND DEMAND FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM ???**

**PETE:** "Yes, quite pleased, though i wish they'd advertise the demos we've got for sale at the same time."

**TAM:** "No, we need more Russian Nymphomaniacs." Female if possible i'd reckon....(Har Har, Are't i a sexist bastard? - TAM)

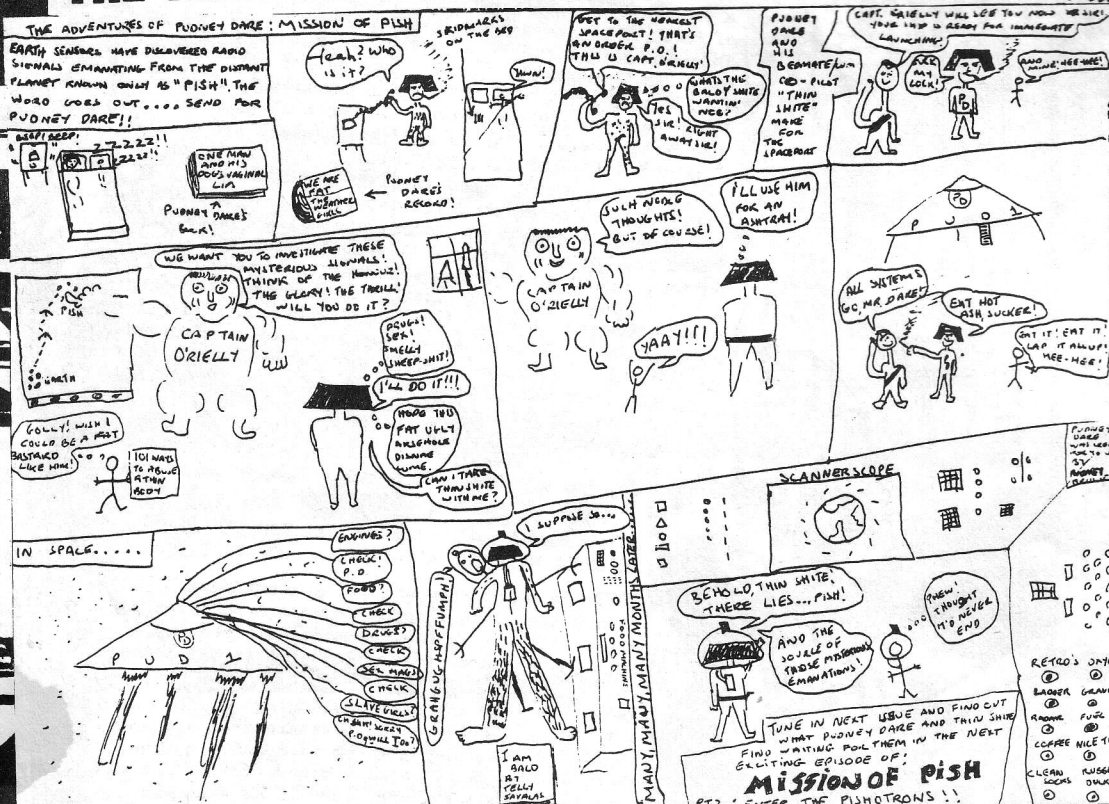
**RAMESY:** "Nah, we'll never achieve world domination at this rate. Frankly i'm appalled, 'Tis bloody pathetic!"

## IT GIVES KIDS VITAL BOOST

THEM! thought i'd never see the end of typing that lot out. SO, there you have it - another notch on the mikstand for Political Asylum, will they achieve world domination? or will they ever decide on a cover version to do? stay tuned folks.



## THE ADVENTURES OF pudney dare MISSION OF PISH - part 1



**SMASHED HITS No. 3 Top**  
I love this one! A mixture of foolish heart and messy felt pen with lots of scribbles, cuttings and jape make this one of the best i've seen, after sifting of past countless Debbie Harry and Ramones pics, you'll find bits on the Clash, Minor Threat, Circle Jerks, Amphetamine, Manson Youth, Guns, The Scream and more. UNFORTUNATELY Try as hard as i could, i could not find the address, but if you try Shane of Feedback, he ought to have it for sale.

**SIXTEEN AGAIN No. 2 FREE!**  
A freebie for the geebies, if you like fanzines with the emphasis on words instead of funny pictures of punky chaplains with cans of lager & making "v" signs, get this. lotes content, poems, articles and reviews. Bits on local bands. Be a kind being and send a bouquet of gladiolas, some badges to make up for the fact that TOPPER of 205 Newhampton road west, Whitmore Reans, Wolverhampton, West Midlands, WV6 0RW had to helist the local cheese shop to finance it.

# PREMATURE BURIAL IN SPLIT SHOCK, PROBE...

PREMATURE BURIAL, the Aberdeen electro/gothic punk duo have broken up, it was claimed by Premature Burial's spiky headed (Well, hair to be more precise) Keyboard jingler, K.Y. Jelly. Already shock waves have been sent all throughout the known world, and messages from leaders of major countrys have.... Okay-so maybe it's not been so widely publicised, but those who have came across this gruesome two-some will be quite surprised at the demise of what seemed a perfect

punky practice.

Big K.Y., speaking from his darkly painted bedroom (Well actually he wrote me a letter) sez "I thought, 'stuff it, i'm bored with it' and told Psycho it was a one man band. I.E. him." so, in his own words (blue biro) he went on, "Do'nt know what came over me, but after escaping the

glitter and razzamattaz of the music industry, i've went and formed a new band, called GENETIC THROWBAX." Hmnmnmnm, so do'nt despair O' Premature Burial fans, they won't be held back for very long in their quest for possible chart success. By the sounds of it, they seem keen, with planned covers of "Ballroom Blitz", "You're the one that i want" and "Summer nights." which should please Travolta fans all over the globe. Partners in this slightly more conventional set up will be some ruggish chaps previously known to be cider sippers of the Chaos brothers, Toxik Ephex crew. Namely Cyril on guitar (Although, as i was later instructed in a later press release /threatening letter) he has never tried guitar before, (OH NOOOOOO!) Geoff on vocals (See above piccy) and Phil on bass, although Psycho may also be playing bass as well (Let's hope not the same guitar at the same time) For those who have got either or both of Premature Burial's cassettes, "The night closed in" and "In the arms of Morpheus" and have been awaiting with twiddled thumbs for the 3rd tape, news is that it will not be released, not yet anyway, but there are some recordings as yet unheard by ears other than a select few. BUT the tapes are still available, "Night" for £1.10 and "Morpheus" for £1.50. Premature Burial were one of the most original punk bands of late, but not that it is a guarantee that many will find their music to their tastes! They only played one gig, one that they themselves admitted would rather forget! At the "This is not an o.a.p pandrop & bothy ballad knees up" gig in Fraserburgh on 1st June 1984, they played a set that was full of gremlins in the gear (Gear here being taken into refering to equipment, not very hard drugs...) with the synth mysteriously cutting out whenever it felt the urge to. This Suspicious and memorable event was captured both on audio and video! although i'm told that thay have recorded over the C60 version AGES ago..... Surely it can't be THAT bad????

Their own attempts to make a video turned bad after an unexpectedly expensive hire charge on the video camera. This was to have been for the 3rd tape, which i believe to be all ready to be heard by hundreds of mourning Premature Burial fans globally....Hmnm? Surely they have learned by now? Oh, NEWSFLASH, in a press report (I.E another letter) they have stressed that they begin touring with the new band straight after dinner tomorrow and a double album, I2" single and video ought to be out before ye know it.... surely not?

KING KONG IV.



L-R, Psycho, an over-enthusiastic fan (Geoff, now supposedly in GT) and K.Y. Jelly, Dalrymple hall Fraserburgh, 1st June 1984.

BEAL!  
FOR  
FOOLISH  
PEOPLE  
ONLY

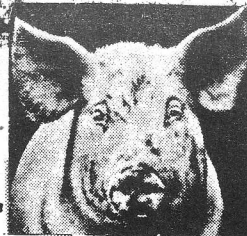
Brumble Bonheads DUKAN DUKAN are not to go ahead with their proposed tour with punky leather 'n' lager chaps GHI. The reason is that GHI cant stand them and their their fans may end up giving Simon Le Bon-Bon a (quote) "applied marten in the groin for being such a posing jerk" are these GHI obviously bodily harmed fellows the kind-hearted LOIS baggy-Jean wearing WHAM! fans that we all know & love???? (only kidding lads.... it's all in the cause of BEAL! y'know) continued...GENERAL HOSPITAL, Groydon.



Forman - the Pete Shelley of Fraserburgh (well, it's one way of getting him to buy Total Beal, innit?)

15

Internal  
Injurys  
Unit ;  
"Unsavoury"



## Police seek mystery asian - Public asked

Police have asked the public for their assistance in the search for an unidentified asian youth, seen walking down Balham high street not committing any suspicious acts at all.

Police superintendant Harry internal injury unit, in charge of the special ethnic crime unit, said in a police voice " As yet we've not got 'im, but reports have come in that he has been spotted outside Sam Spud's chippie, minding his own business. These people are too unsavoury for my liking, first you give 'em supplementary benefit, the next thing you know they're holding a sweet old lady and her pekinese dog for £58,000 ransom and a helicopter to the Brazilian rain forest. They are the type who give our nice police force a bad name. The number of policeman's knuckles bruised by these people EACH YEAR is unbelievable"

Mr Internal Injury Unit was at the centre of a major storm last july after he charged 2 Sikhs for not using the green cross code and insulting the queen in an obscure 14th century Punjab dialect. " Thats a fib, they were in possession of a stone of raw heroin apiece, unfortunately we had to let the thugs loose after none was found on them. they must have thrown it away when i was'nt looking"

The wanted youth is understood to have black hair and is Asian in appearance. anyone knowing anybody answering to this description is asked to contact Balham police on 999 and they shall be ready to pounce. Could this be the new Brixton???? read "TOTAL BEAL!" for more up to date news on this matter.

For a wide selection of Fanzines, try Shane, who also does FEEDBACK & INSANITY zines, adress, 2 Montrose Close North Hyekham Lincoln Ln6 8NW England.

## INCONTINENT



beat those bed-wet blues  
less of the piss! with

**BURPO!**

~ holds back the flow ~



90p a  
bottle

ELASTIC BANDS OK!

By Our ROYAL  
CORRESPONDENT

16

ROYAL  
RAVE-UPYET ANOTHER BEAL GLOBE-SHATTERING EXCLUSIVE  
BY OUR ROYAL CORRESPONDANT,hubert  
f. dole

Who, aided only by a jar of Ovaltine and the kind permission of Pickfords, has managed to compile, after locking himself in a state of isolation and enforced celibacy, to bring you this AMAZING Expose - Remember where you heard it first, folks!

Exclusive

The word got around like wildfire. Hushily it was mouthed around the rapidly decaying TOTAL BEAL offices, in the basement of a gents outfitters somewhere in the wilds of Caledonia. Immediately i took interest in the "Article scoop of the 80's" as i was later to be told. A shady character in a full-length sou' wester which almost totally obscured his fetching orange luminescent leaf effect trousers, was the focal point of attention in the litter strewn cavern. I strode over to examine this odd man. Was it his manner of dress? was it the replica Fu Manchu moustache, or the sombrero complete with curtains and weather vane that perched precariously on his mane of matted hair? (Mauve) I did not know. What i DID know was that was definately out of the ordinary, was the bearer of some rabidly wild info and had been eating fish paste sandwiches and pineapple chunks for his lunch. (an old method i learnt whilst in the hussars) one look at his emaciated features when he removed his wraparound laser shades was convincing proof enough as to his identity.

Mr Eugene Crashe-Barrier, educated in Harrow, father an "Antique dealer" (rag and bone man) mother unknown. An unsavoury man, he was often taken to searching amongst people's underwear during washday showdowns at launderettes. He left school and led a life of crime, blackmail, outspoken opposition of crop rotation, bottle washing and babysitting. THIS was the man who stood before me with a fiendish grin atop his acne festooned and unshaven chin.

"Er, guv, want to buy some TAPES?" the voice it rasped out with a sound not unlike an expectant sow with wind. Not being one to take this sort of dealing seriously, i merely queried whether he had wandered in here in the presumption that this was a second-hand gramophone records establishment. "Nah, TAPES, y'know-this my son, is a searing, sordid documentation of the REAL side of the royal family, bastards that they are... candid

cassette recordings of Liz 'n' Phil at home, Knoworramean?"

Tell me more! This sounded interesting, quite authentic, coming from a man with a history as dubious as an Arthur Daley discount deal. I ushered the floating figure into my complimentary Total Beal airing cupboard, and as we asserted our places, crouched on shelves, i took the liberty of inserting a cassette into my steam-driven personal hi-fi. A minute's worth of listening was assurance enough that it was legitimate, "I'll tell you guv, announced Crashe-Barrier, polishing his dentures, "This is the real McCoy, no cheap fake impersonations or anyfink".

It turned out that he had sneaked into the palace, disguised as a corgi poo-poo, past several guardsmen, who were later found out to be asleep, working his way through the corridors of the large 'Pad' until he reached select rooms. Here he went to work and planted sensitive bugging devices. After this, and a quick bribe to a footman, he went and dug himself a hidey-hole in the palace grounds, incarcerating himself there for days on end, pausing only to go to the lavatory and to nip down to the nearby Wimpy.

There were in fact two tapes, all edited out and of great quality. After writing out a cheque for £15,000 in the name of King Abdul Ramayan and his acrobatic cucumber, Mr Eugene Crashe-Barrier dashed out into the outside world, cackling to himself and grinningly insanely at passers-by. His upper-class education obviously did not learn him about the green cross code, and he suffered a compressed fate under the wheels of taxi no.652 driven by 34 year old Mr. Ethel Bowles.

At once i fled to a remote spot to conduct my detailed examination of the recordings. let us start with the morning of the 12th of december 1984. Prince Phillip is busy cutting his nails in the drawing room, and Liz has just entered.

LIZ ; "For F\*\*k's sake Phil, Do you have to cut your toe-nails over the best original axminster? It was bad enough young William crapping all over it last week."

PHIL ; "Shut it ye bitch and sit down. FOR GOD'S SAKE WOMAN, PULL UP YOUR TITS! I've got some bad news. Di's dad was busted by the D.S. yesterday evening."

LIZ ; "Oh dear, that's terrible news, did they get him on anything?"

PHIL ; "Er, yes. They found 3 grammes of speed underneath the tiger skin rug, and unfortunately he was rolling a joint at the time."

LIZ ; "Stupid bastard, serves him right. Do you remember the time we went round before the wedding, and he and his wife sniffed a whole pint of glue between them and never offered us any. I knew our charles should never have married into that family."

VOTE BEAL

PHIL ; "Aye-up, here comes Diana now, with.. who the blazes is that?"

LIZ ; "That's your grand-son Harry. Oh i forgot, it's your first time you've seen him is'nt it?"

PHIL ; "F++k me, i never new we had another 'un in the line"

LIZ ; "Why on earth did you call him Harry anyway?"

DI ; "What the f++k's it got to do with you? You old slag."

PHIL ; "Now now, we would'nt want any severe lacerations of the skin to show up in public, would we now."

DI ; "If you must know, Charles picked it because Sir Harry Secombe gave him some free GOONS bootlegs, as well as some wipeout hash. It's not bad, but i'd have preferred Oliver."

LIZ ; "Oh no dear, it makes him sound like an onion..."

PHIL ; "Jack me up Dong, IN THE KNEE."

LIZ ; "Where's the syringes then? i hope you got some more?"

DI ; "Oh, er... i think Andrew took the last of them to flog, ironic word eh?, down at STRINGFELLOWS."

PHIL ; "Randy bastard, like father like son-eh? I remember this time when i had this tart in Cairo, last year i think it was, anyway, i'll tell you, it certainly taught me a thing or two!"

LIZ ; "Did'nt tell you how to jack yourself up with smack though, did she?"

PHIL ; "F+ckoff you old dog. Where's Charles, Di."

DI ; "Oh him, well, he's busy shooting some tourists just now."

LIZ ; "FOOTMAN, Bring some of that cheap wine that i bought from tescos. Did you know that i was fondled in the meat department?"

DI ; "Well you've got plenty of meat in your departments, how's the diet going? fatso"

LIZ ; "No, after that froggy pooker Mitterand's visit the other month, and then we had to go and give the cunt a slap-up nosh, and that bloody speech of his, bored the arse off me i can tell you.... he was going to do the joke about the russian dissident and the banana, but they threatened to cut him off if he did, not that much of the bloody pig headed bastard public would've understood it, thick imbeciles, i hate em all, especially that Willie Hamilton peni-head."

PHIL ; "But i thought you rated him as one of the world's best lovers?"

LIZ ; "Yes, well we wont go into that shall we....."

PHIL ; "Meter man's wife's a bit of alright though..grroooooaaaaarrggghhh!!!! i've got her phone number."

LIZ ; (sarcastically) "Then why not put on your sexy french underwear and stockings and give her a phone then?"

PHIL ; "That's a great idea Liz, i'll just go and do that now!"

Exit Prince Phillip. Soon after this, Harry vomits all over the suite, causing DI to go and find some vodka to support her alcoholic dependence, and the Queen falls asleep.

So, after that bit there is more to the royals than meets the eye, eh? At this point i try and calm my excited nervous system by brewing up a cup of Horlicks. What will the outcome of this be? Will the SUN accept it? "HRH's IN DRUGS & SEX SHOCK" i can see it all now, i could make a nice sum out of all this, Hmmm...HOWEVER, i fast forward the tape to the DINING ROOM scene, about 8 pm. Present are Phil, Liz, Charles, Di, Andrew, and Princess Margaret.

NO TEARS  
FOR THE  
KILLER  
GRANNY

Old woman dies  
and reveals hopelessness  
behind the facade

PHIL ; "Ah hello Margaret you old bag, do have a seat, it must be tiring carrying all that make-up and silicone implants around with you."

MAG ; "F+ck off, right?"

DI ; "Charles has been telling me that you've got a new boyfriend Margaret, is that true?"

MAG ; "What's it to you? Look, if i wanna go out and get laid and out of my skull, then so wot? say anymore things like that, and i'll rip your f+cking face off-RIGHT?"

DI ; "Okay, Okay, keep your hairpiece on..."

LIZ ; "Dear me, where's mother got to? i expect she shall be pissed out on Lambrusco again, that Italian tour gave her a taste for cheap vino."

PHIL ; "And gondoliers, that's another thing, there's still two of 'em locked up in her chambers."

CHARLES ; "Never mind him mum, he's got sex on the brain, ALL the time... SEX SEX SEX..."

PHIL ; "Poofter."

DI ; "Well, i'd better not say anything, had i?"

At this moment a rather drunken Queen Mum is carried in by two footmen.

LIZ ; "Righto boys, you can put her down now."

MUM ; "Such nice boys...WOOPS! Hic!"

PHIL ; "Hello o' drunken one, how's the rest of the palace? we have'nt seen you for five days."

BIG "Q" ; "Do'nt be so hard on her, Phillip, she was coming down real bad last week with something."

Headline of an Irish newspaper giving a false announcement of the Big Mum's death (Or is it true?)

It is sad that no one has seen what has been happening to the couple and has pulled them out of their situation, though the son has now been treated and will be looked after.  
But how many other facades hide such dreadful homes and hopeless lives?

The Royal Tares  
CONTINUED

SILLY

THE FAMOUS "THRONE" PHOTO OF THE QUEEN, ON THE TOILET, READING A COPY OF "PLAYGIRL MONTHLY"

ANDY ; "Acid again, was it granny?"

MUM ; "HRRMMM? Oh yeth, i think it woth..hic!"

ANDY ; "Is it alright if i take my new girlfriend in for something to eat?"

PHIL ; "YOU'RE NOT TAKING YOUR TROUSERS DOWN IN HERE, MY LAD!!!"

ANDY ; "No dad, not that... You're right Charles, he IS a pervert."

PHIL ; "I AM NOT!"

ANDY ; "Then why are you wearing fishnet tights, black lace suspender belt, see-through bra and red frilly panties?"

PHIL ; "OH! er...well. eh...er..."

DI ; "Take your girlfriend in Andy, there's plenty to eat."

LIZ ; "Hey! I'm the big-shot around here, I say who does what and who doesn't, I give the orders around here RIGHT?"

DI ; "No need to get upset. BITTEN DRAWERS."

PHIL ; "HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA."

LIZ ; "Shut it crap face. How was i to know he was a roadworker?"

MAG ; "Oh no, My Boobs have slipped!"

The tape hereby abruptly ends, sadly, at this dramatic stage. Hurriedly i flick on the next tape. Not before i take out the first one of course, otherwise i wouldn't be able to fit in the second cassette, ever tried putting in two tapes at once? HOWEVER, Yes, i put on tape two but, to my surprise it appears that they are in the t.v. room. i go to the lavatory, i should never have eaten that madras curry...YES, in the telly room..... Around 9 p.m.

MUM ; "Is Andy Pandy on yet? GGGRRROOOAAAARRROOOHH..!" (being sick)

LIZ ; "You stupid old cow, all over Charles' knitting."

CHARLES ; "OOH Middlesticks, it took me ages to knit that, it was going to be a pair of trousers for William."

DI ; "We CAN afford to rob the state for the price of a pair of poo-poo catchers."

PHIL ; "I want to see "Starex and Hutch" - i's ACE when you're tripping out of your bonce on ACID!"

ANDY ; "Err..dad, i'm afraid i used the last of the acid tabs yesterday.."

PHIL ; "Never to worry son, i've got some ace dope here, i'm gonna smoke some, Got any gag papers Liz?"

LIZ ; "Ask Margaret, i saw her skinning up this morning."

MAG ; "Here you are Phillip, you handsome HUNK you..."

PHIL ; "Errr, No thanks Margaret, some other time. I don't feel like a smoke now."

MARGARET SIGNS IN DISGUST

PHIL ; "Is "Starex and Hutch" on yet?"

CHARLES ; "Er, no. one's television shows the news. I wonder if we're on it? OH YES, LOOK, There we are."

DI ; "Look at me, oh dear, i DO look a silly tart, what?"

LIZ ; "One always does, dear. You should never have worn THAT outfit."

DI ; "F---k it bitchy bra, better than YOUR gear, the Canadians were right."

LIZ ; "Do'n't talk to me about those BASTARDS... that stupid turd went away and got busted for having dope in his briefcase, and the worst thing was, it was MY stash!!"

ME B...  
FUN

Righto, where did this guy get a copy of TOTAL REAL one from? the review only fanzine of late that's reviewed it. Bat apart from that titanic surprise, Sik O' War's offering has all the markings of one of the better rags. Excellent value and lots of 'light hearted' (Silly?) bits. great printing and some good interviews, including the longest one I've seen yet, with the Investigators. 6p.  
Melburn Avenue, Leeds, LS16 5HS

ME B...  
FUN

**ATTENTION**

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MORE OF WHAT  
MAKES BRITAIN  
FAMOUS...

PHIL ; "I am not, I AM NOT!!!"

ANDY ; "Well, take of that dress then..."

A LONG SILENCE AGAIN FALLS,

CHARLES ; "I went off and got the new Disorder and Chaos u.k. albums from Rough Trade the other week, Shit-hot stuff MAAAAN! I think i'll get "The anti-christ is here" tattooed on my foot, it'll look smart."

LIZ ; "You'll do no such thing my lad, Edward had "Make homebrew, not war" done on his arse, do'nt know what the younger generation is coming to these days."

DI ; "Anne was telling me that the GBH gig in Leeds the other week was brilliant - Col handed her the mike during the chorus of "GENERALS" and she got her bra autographed by the band backstage."

PHIL ; "I bet Mark was jealous, poor sod. Mind you, he'd be just as well packing off to good old Singapore for a weekend of sex, booze and drugs, like liz did in '76, didn't you, you old hag?"

LIZ ; "No, er...whatever makes you think that?" (worried tone)

After a few minutes of silence, broken only by Charles to "Learn a thing or two, smallboy." and mutterings of complaint from DI, Phil goes out the tape goes on, filled with the snores of Liz, in search of "A good book", Andy falls out of who is not an avid fan of Starsky and Hutch. a window, whilst practicing for "When I am king So, i go and make some coffee, "Aborigine's which is sooner than you think, Charlie boy, heh ampit, full strength blend" to be precise, Will heh heh!!" Queen mum goes to the wine cellar, the Liz let Charles get his tattoo? or will the Queen disconnects her artificial legs and by irony Queen mum sober up in time for easter? Now we go which is symbolised of course, by Phil's absence, onto recordings of Liz 'n' Phil in their Bedroom Starsky and Hutch DO come on... DI then takes HO! HO! HO!

PHIL ; "Gawd, i could do with a little bit of..."

LIZ ; "Well YOU ought to know about little bits, they did'nt call you "TINY" for nothing you know.... Phil, i think we ought to do something about the security in this place, only this morning i woke up to find two young men at the end of the bed. Swigging bottles of cider and singing negro spiritual ballads..."

PHIL ; "So, you think we should..."

LIZ ; "SLACKEN SECURITY! Let all these nice, virile young men run wild! Let the muscle bound stallions have their way!!!!!!"

PHIL ; "Calm yourself my dear, these sheets belonged to my mother."

LIZ ; "Fancy a wee snort?"

PHIL ; "I'd say, GERREMUFF YOU SLAG!!!"

LIZ ; "No, no you stupid oaf, Andrew was right, it's sex sex sex all the time with you."

PHIL ; "So? i saw your hand underneath the table at the Mitterand banquet."

LIZ ; "Oh.. i was looking for my glasses."

PHIL ; "Funny looking glasses, were'nt they?"

LIZ ; "Let's say no more, if Linley had'nt hushed up that incident with you and the sailor in drag, god knows where we'd be...the SUN would've pissed themselves with excitement."

PHIL ; "Just like you when that Jerry big-shot er...whats his name? Kohl-bunker or something, comes over for a puff at the good old weed."

LIZ ; "Keep Charles out of this."

PHIL ; "No, the old Bob Hope, Have-a-grope, y'know."

LIZ ; "I'd rather not just now, if you do'nt mind. But if you do your RED RUM impersonation, on the carpet, i'll get on."

PHIL ; "No thanks, that's one ride i dd'nt want to be taken for. It ruined my shirt last time. Dirty bitch."

LIZ ; "Do'nt mention Nancy Reagan to me."

PHIL ; "I do'nt think that it's a very good impression, i have'nt even got a horse-like face."

LIZ ; "What about Anne?"

PHIL ; "Skin-up Dong, just a wee number and then i'll do the Red rum'er."

LIZ ; "You'll have to get the butler to do it, i'm flaked out after that cannabis souffle."

PHIL ; "AAAAAARRRGHHH....why go to the trouble of getting the butler to do it?"

LIZ ; "What, the Red rum'er?"

PHIL ; "AH shut up arse face, GET THOSE ROBES OFF!!!"

LIZ ; "AAAAAARRRGHHH...OOOOOAAAAARRRGHHH...WHEEEEEEEE!! HUHHHHHH...WWAAAAARRRGHHH!!!"

PHIL ; "What's the game? i have'nt even got off my girdle yet."

LIZ ; "I've just found your syringes."

PHIL ; "GREAT! Jack me up Dong - IN THE FOREHEAD."

LIZ ; "Oh, go and ask Charles."

PHIL ; "GREAT IDEA!"

Phil goes off in search of Charles and also to Get a breath of "Fresh hair" and dissappears out of the room. BUT, to my surprise, there is STILL more conversation....

LIZ ; "Alright boys, the old bastard's gone, COME AND GET IT! WHEREEEEEEEEE!!!"

## DI's new hairdo shocker



PRINCESS DIANA

"U!" - DI '84

## CULTURED CORRUPTION

CHARLES ; "Sorry Diana, it's too small, i'll have to wait a bit."  
DI ; "Yes it is too small, isn't it? at least play the white man, if you're going to play MONOPOLY, then pay all your debts with the right amount of money and no bloody I.O.U's."  
CHARLES ; "Well, it looks as if i'll have to mortgage the old waterworks."  
DI ; "I think that YOUR waterworks department is mortgaged, it bloody well has'nt done anything in ages."  
CHARLES ; "Sorry, i must've had too much carpet cleaner and Bordeaux to drink..."  
DI ; "Well, it's my throw. let's see...Give me that money. Right. Ah....Double four...Me again.... seven, right. AH! i've landed on Community chest, "Pay doctor's fee £50" well, they can bloody well go and piss off!"

Due to public decency and certain limits, the ensuing conversation, that of Liz, 2 well known bishops, a member of the tory front bench and a 101 year old man, is a bit too much to print, although certain people have been contacted and the money is on it's way. The tape now cuts to the bedroom of Charles and Diana.



FOLLOW THIS LINE

The Queen in cunning guise,  
Honduras '80.

CHARLES: "But Diana, I always pay my fines and you do 'nt, in fact it's the first time I've ever seen anyone use all the money from the bank."

DI: "Sod this alright? How's about a bit of you-know-what?"

CHARLES: "Really Diana, you know it tires me out, all that going up and down... I hate it, it makes me feel fragile."

DI: "Surely 'Snakes and ladders' is 'nt all THAT bad, it's better than that bloody game of yours."

CHARLES: "Daddy showed me that one."

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

VOICE: "COOOO-EEEEEE... Anyone in?"

DI: "NO."

VOICE: "Do 'nt F\*ck me about okay? this is heavy business Maaaaaan."

CHARLES: "It's Daddy, Yes dad-What is it?"

PHIL: "Any good books to read?"

CHARLES: "Come in, and watch out, Harry was sick all over the floor."

PHIL (comes in): "Filthy little things. Er yes son, and hummm... Di. You are looking stunning tonight, my dear. Mainly due to that considerable lack of clothing."

DI: "TAKE OFF THOSE F\*CKING X-RAY SPECS!"

CHARLES: "Here you are dad, 'Royalty and the scum of society throughout the ages', 'Victoria's guide to metropolitan ale-houses. Vol one,' and 'How to execute the lowlife in many painful methods.'"

PHIL: "Yes....er, you would 'nt happen to have anything a bit more...."

CHARLES: "'Perverted? here you are, 'RUSTLER', 'MAYFAIR', 'WHITEHOUSE' and the 'PUWER WEARER'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK.' is that enough?"

PHIL: "Can't I come in and play some 'Snakes and ladders' preferably next to Di?"

CHARLES: "'NO! Now go and do some reading.'"

PHIL: "Is that all you can say to your poor old dad, well, I'll just do that, GOODNIGHT!"

DI: "F\*CK OFF!"

CHARLES: "Right, how about a bit of fun then?"

DI: "OH YES, please take it out Charles, go on!"

CHARLES: "Okay then, I bet you've been waiting for it for ages."

DI: "You bet! I love it!"

CHARLES: "So do I, it's ACES since I played 'Cluedo'."

DI: "What's the bloody use?... I'm away for a can of lager...."

And with that final statement from Di, the last side comes abruptly to an end, leaving us at the finish of the day with a wildly exciting documentation of the Royal family that we never see-And they say that the youth of Britain are a shame to their country?! Humm, I'm sure we can sell this for a pretty penny..... This is Hubert F. Dole, thinking of heavy expenses and a bulging bank account, in a hut on the windswept Exmoor, Britain.

21



STOP PRESS + STOP PRESS + STOP PRESS+ STOP PRESS + STOP

Prince Phillip has dismissed rumours of the tape as "Total nonsense and a complete hoax. HO HO HO, tapes of US indeed!" He said this as he was going into the clinic of Doctor Issaac Moneygrabba, famed exponent of diseases of the nerves. The Queen herself was said to be "Most upset and urinated off." at the rumours, and prince Charles has started crying again..... BEAL NEWS LTD.

Gloom



THE OFFICIAL PATRICK LEACH FIELD PHOTO OF THE ROYAL WEDDING

It's ORGY night at Highgrove

WAGH!!!

I ONLY ASKED FOR A QUICK ONE CHARLES. NO NEED TO HIT THE POOF

BUT DARLING, I'VE JUST FINISHED BUNNING DADDY AND I'VE STILL TO F\*CK THE COUNTRY

ASK HARRY IF HE'LL OBLIGE OR I'LL HAVE TO TURN TO THE QUEEN

No you CAN'T you DIRTY BUNGER AND LEAVE THAT ALONE

WAGH!!!

YES PLEASE!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE, MAAAAN

WHAT AN ODDEN THING TO SAY. DON'T YOU MEAN "PEE ON THE PEOPLE"?

ON YES, THAT WAS FI DARLING. MUST HAVE BEEN THE BLUE SPEAKING. SHIT, I'VE STUCK MY HAND TO MY FACE.

I KNOW DI WAS TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE DAMN CORGIS. LOOKS LIKE ME THOUGH

HE ME

TEDDY'S PISSED IN MY POWDER. CAN I SHOOT HIM?

YOU'LL BE KING ONE DAY YOU SNOTTY SOD

BUT I WANT TO BE A QUEEN LIKE DADDY YOU PLASTIC BAG

K-Y JELLY PRODUCTIONS LTD 1985.

# Letters

## Where YOU Speak Your Mind

22

Dear Mr. Total Beal

I was deeply shocked when my eight year old son returned home with a copy of the revolting mag in question (and i do'nt mean Thatcher) with the words "Look mummy, look what a nice man with green hair forced me to buy." with the natural fear of a parent, i grasped the offending article out of his trembling hand and was HORRIFIED to see the sort of utter rubbish and FILTH that it contained..... It only makes my belief, as a housewife and staunch SUN reader, that these vomit-haired drug-taking granny-beating punk thugs must be all gassed or hung by the private parts and made to suffer a fate worse than the OBSERVER.

Yrs, offensively,

Mrs. Mary O' Cesspit  
Nottingham.

P.S.

My husband thinks it's brilliant, but then again, he thinks that Russell Harty is a poof and that can only sum up his mentality.

SO  
WHAT?

## Memories of the trams

THE BAD OLD DAYS...a readers letter by Mrs Aggie Orifice.

Aye, the bad old days, how right they were....it was the time when we'd to work for our money not like the youngsters these days.....they get things far too easy if you ask me. Why, if we even went to butter a "pirky gillock" which was our name for a bit o' bread, then our father, who worked 20 hours a day gathering trees in the forest, would string us up on the "fergy-wally" the washing line and hit us repeatedly over the head and kneck with a big wooden plank with six-inch nails in it.

Aye, we were brought up hard, there was 46 of us, and we shared a bunk bed between us in an airing cupboard whilst our parents slept on a single potato sack, a "sarry" stuffed full of goose feathers. In the morning we were sent off to school, we'd only one pair of trousers between us, and they were our father's size 56 waisters. We took it in turns to wear them, although the draught due to the lack of material in the back-side area, which had long gone, was rather hard on the blueberries in the winter-time, we saw it as a privilage and were luckier than some.

We had one meal a day, which was potato peelings and, if we were lucky, a cup of paraffin, which kept us fine a warm when we "slavered" in the garden. We had a wee allotment of which we grew our own vegetables. Once a year dad would go into town with all the vegetables we'd grown and get absolutely "steam-arsed" in the local pub, when he came home he used to take mun outside and play football using her as the ball. He used to come and sit on top of us and "jeggy" us, that is asphyxiate all 46 of us. Death was common and after 2 years 36 of my brothers and sisters had been killed and sold to the local mill for stoking fuel for the boilers.

I left school at 7 and was immediately put into the mill to work. My job was to stand in a corner for days on end and with my mouth open, catch the water that was dripping from the hole in the canteen roof. For this i got sixpence every annum and i gave most of it to dad, i had to as he often had me at knife-point whenever the annual "peegy-cashy" pay day came about. I managed to keep a ha'penny and with this i could buy a new pair of shoes, fishtank, packet of epsom salts, a bag of broken biscuits which was cordon bleu to most kids, a new frock for the summer, a grand "suckie" of sweeties, a gramophone horn, a new dolly, 37 suppositories and a brand new "Johnny Mcleod and his performing haggis" jig-saw.

Aim died of severe ear wounds at the tragically early age of 19, dad then sold me to a workhouse for as he put it "to get the money to invest in liquid assets" last thing i heard of dad he was selling matches outside the arsonists reform centre in Totness. I always respected dad, and i was his favourite due to the fact that he always used our best bread knife whenever he tried to murder us all when we left a weed unpicked in the allotment (after he'd been and sold the vegetables) and i was allowed to fan him down whenever saturday night came round....with the large neighbour-skin fan.

Ah yes, hard times BUT WE WERE HAPPY....we had nothing and we still have nothing, but as my old dad philosophised, "Money doesn't buy y happiness....so give it tas me you little runt".... we were brought up hard and i brought up my young kids the same way.....2 left home and 3 committed suicide, but at least they appreciated what it was like in the bad old days.

To Whoever it may concern.

With regards to your prior Beal issue, i am horrified and angered ever since my 14-year old son came into contact with the said issue 2. This had a strikingly detrimental effect on his behaviour and attitude. Having discovered his regulation nice school uniform lying in the corner of his bedroom with "FUCK THE SYSTEM" sprayed on the back in gold spray paint, he has now moved onto a more "Eighties style, dad" get-up of torn t-shirts, bleached jeans and painted, studded leather jacket with WIERD SLOGANS emblazoned on each available space. He refuses to obey my orders whenever my important friends come round. If this is the effect it has on all, (I must add that the DISGUSTING disease of beal has caught onto my Daughter, wife, mother, father, budgie and my Terrapin as well, who has been adopted by a motorcycle gang) Then all i can honestly say is that Britain is DOOMED and that the only resonable cure would be to have all you urine-haired yobbos hung, shot and/or put in the army. I had to do my national service and work 20 hours a day as an apprentice bottlewasher and...and... oh sod it, they're playing the new UK SUBS album again.

Yours, not very pleased at all,

Roger Penihead,  
141 Death row,  
Penge.



Mrs Aggie Orifice.

Dear Beal Chappies.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK THERE!

H.R.H. Terry Wogan.

Dear Scum.

It's people like you who give Britain (All hail David Niven) a bad name. What with your spiky hair, kept up entirely with large amounts of glue, and also injecting four pounds of raw cocaine EACH DAY and killing 87 year old great grandmothers to support your insane cravings for cheap wine and metal polish.... The increased vandalism of public Toilets and harmless laboratories... Everyone likes these nice scientists and their usefull contributions to science, even if they Do use the odd cat or two.....

They are the REAL spirit of what has made Britain great, so why do'nt you go and join the army? i know that in my day, we had to work 17 hours a day in a pus filled well, digging into solid granite with our bare hands for Threepence a month and WHY? Well... they never told us EXACTLY why we had to dig into solid rock, but at least we gained a sense of achievement.... Even if it meant us having sheep's brains on toast once a week IF WE WERE LUCKY and.....

and..... Yours, a true patriot,  
Sir Bertrand Arkwright-Coebbels  
26, the front  
London W2

I SAY!

It has came to my attention that you are featuring a cruel and heartless send-up of the world's greatest ever entertainer, the unique FRANK SINATRA, In the Filth-strewn pages of your nasty magazine. I must say that i know Frank very well, in fact he's even sent me a lifesize cardboard cut-out of himself and an autographed toe-nail. I have all his albums, which is a darn sight more better than your punk rock music - We have all heard the TRUE stories of punk singers VOMITTING on people's heads and eating live babies backstage whilst under the influence of MIND-BENDING DRUGS - I know it all, so do'nt try and say otherwise.

Frank Sinatra is the mainstay of the entire modern entertainment business, i do'nt care if they say ne's past it and old, HE IS'NT - He said so himself and i believe every word that the messiah says, so it must be true. So just ROP OFF and leave Frank alone!

Yours Furiously,

Brigadier Charles Donkey's-innards (Miss)  
C/O Marchcroft eventide home for the mentally distressed,  
Coventry.

Hellooo Chaps!

Just cast my eyes on the pilot issue 2 of your jolly rag. Must say, it's a 'Triffic show, must buy issue three sometime. Any chance of featuring ME in it? Tally-ho for now!

Yours, Royally  
ANDREW (prince)  
Buckingham palace  
LONDON. WOTAN  
Wtd-H440!

HO! HO! HO! We'll feature you alright, do'nt you worry about that matey.....

Dear sir

With regards to your Sept. 1984 edition of TOTAL BEAL, which i purchased on the pretext of it being a publication for the stock exchange and finance big-wigs in our swarming metropolis. Being a commuter and office worker, i found said magazine a comfortable relief from the daily drudgery of the pink tints of the FINANCIAL TIMES, and the conservative gin & tonic trap of The OBSERVER.

Reading about these modern pop bands certainly put a bit of well-needed colour into my haggard features, and you can bet that on the train home, the KING KURT article was read by more than one member of the compartment! several of my friends have started to don "Fuck you, you tory shitheads" badges and discarded the pin stripe and bowler image for a cooler leather, studs, bondage and spikes. Jenkins of Finance says it's a f+cking ACE idea, and old Harvey wants to form a band. All this has led, not surprisingly, to our being sacked but even as we are, on the dole, one of maggie's millions, we want to start up our own fanzine and hopefully, a compilation tape. and at the moment? Well, Felicity's breathing down my (Dog) collar and complaining about the noise level of the DISORDER bootleg.

Yours sincerely, IS THAT  
PERCY PUKE, SO?

(Formerly percival lodds of Pearl assurance, Croydon)

# records & tapes

reviewed by  
**ALL RIOT?**

george  
bloodvessel



## rat trappin'

SUBHUMANS-RATS E.P.

As one of the most productive bands of vinyl degree this side of "THE BLACK ALBUM" (obviously a damned fan) The olde Fish Subbers put their latest round black bit of plastic with a hole in it onto the dubious publique. And the verdict? Not as playable as any of the prior pieces. I was hard pressed to find anything rather than the great sound quality to be satisfied with. No Catchy choruses or tunes that you remember after one play. All i can say is, if you're one of the Subhumane fanatics, then get the money out.....

## DAVID BOWIE DOG BONES

ENGLISH DOGS. "TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH" 12"

Punk/metal crossover gets into full swing with the English Dogs! Will they manage to survive beyond the Wakey? As well as the departure of another one of the early line up from their devastating "Mad punks" 12" - a first class platter of discharge/GBH style songs, which put them on the mantle of being the successor to clay's big cheeses, Discharge. Remember when Bones left Discharge? This can be compared to the post-bones "Warning" 12" - English canines, what have you done? Heavy metal stylee guitar breaks and very little to offer in the brand that you made popular with the "Porkymen" L.P. A true example of a change for the worst in my opinion. Bring back Wakey! Perhaps this is more suited to live performing than on the turntable. Oh well, you know what they say, all good things must come to an end..



DISTEMPER. Four track demo tape.

Another Scots band here, From Greenock so it says, they sent me this nicely produced quadruple aural assault on various topics, backed up with the usual guitar drums but with two basses! Quite novel, and not a bad demo at all! The lyrics are quite straightforward protest, but the vocals sound surprisingly english....Hmmm, something funny about here surely? Four tracks we have here, "Living Hell" Clearly being the best with "Insane society" following hot on its heels, the other two, "Violence and hate" and "Not missed" are good, but not really anything special. I got an A3 size (twice A4 size) poster with this, containing all the lyrics, some info and a very interesting attack on the rip-off Frankie goes to Hollywood. (About time too!) But overall this is as good as most stuff about now, so you know what to spend your money that you got for busking outside the hospital for the deaf, on. AND ANOTHER TAPE WITH NO PRICE ON IT! So you'll just have to get in touch with vocalist DAVIE at 33, FINNESTON STREET, GREENOCK, SCOTLAND, or phone (0475) 28242... send him a slice of toast while you're at it.....

RIOT/CLONE - Why do you have to eat me?

Well, Mitch says to write down "PREACH" as this is for the hardened A.L.F type buddies out there... Sometime after the slumber-inducing intro, which goes on for enough time to boil a kettle, (Who left the T.V. on in the recording studio?) we hear ANOTHER vegetarian straight-from-the-heart type song, great chorus, The lyrics? Have these guys ever heard of CLICHE? Still, their heart's in the right place, which is more than can be said for the live track following the B-side opener "Running", an easy contender for an A-side, I think they should have left it on the bootleg. Say no more? It's well worth it for the (When it arrives) A-side.



BIGAL OF THE MANIAX - IN AIRE NEED OF A BATH? WE INVESTIGATE... CULT MANIAX - The adventures of Johnny the duck & the bath time blues 12".

Devon's Unshavenest bawdy balladeers come out with yet another piece of plastic. This i am landed with, is the five slice L.P. size version of their new single.. Is it as good as the "Full of Spunk" E.P? Not quite, i reckon, but that's inner-village planning for you. Shaping up as it does, the title track is good, humourous vibes, which bounds along at a catchy pace. Among the other four slices left on the plate, "Village Freedom" by far, is the most tasty with a faberooobee chorus. The rest? Good songs, but not scratching up to previous standards... very much advised for the Purchase, with brilliant production and some funny photos on the lyric bound glossy sleeve. When's the l.p out?

## le. luvrly!

Yo-Yo, vocaliser and god knows what else with this bunch of (quote) "Space age popsters" sent forth a cassette FREE OF CHARGE! (Thanks after i sent her a free copy of T.Beal2 (They being in it y'see) and was at once excited at the prospect of being a double helping of LILL since, after i'd got hold of their BRILLIANT 1st, or i think it was, cassette, which was a classic collection of synth melody with a fably overtone of poppy computerisms with a slightly futuristic theme. (pretentious expressiveness, huh? - just an excuse to try & sound 'Arty', so do 'nt mind me!) ANYWAY, this baffling outfit with the totally confusing info sheets and odd manner took the festive spirit in mind and put Jackanory under observation at the same time! The story, or rather it ought to be "A Christmas story" Is their attempts at beating the celeb yarners of the beeb at their own game, it's merely a festive and quite imaginative kiddies type story involving LILL and Santa. (Court case to follow?) and is perfect for christmas. Out of season, however, it may seem out of place, but i was also given a six track demo or whatever they want to call it. This is the big focal point, as it's all new material with a new line up. Usually bands find it hard going to follow up on a brilliant release, but this is one exception. The six tracks easily competing with last year's fruit. "Junk Love" and "Auf Wiedersehen" being clear favourites, Trouble is, they gave me 3 extra tracks, so i can only deduce that the "Story" side Plus 3 tracks was the official release, which costs £1 + S&P, the 1st tape i do not know the price of, but like it's follow up, it's a brilliant piece of unconventional music that i highly recommend. Write to: Yo-Yo, 6 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancashire, FY1 5LG

Another one of Forman's records i nicked on tape. Would i actually go to the bother and expense of sifting through the pockets and buying this one? I well might. After the rave reviews their last L.P. got, which i assume that this single is called from, naturally instinct expects this to be of titanic proportions, (or a total flop) but i can honestly say that this is a brilliant follow up to the previous singles, funny bass overtones

Stiv Bators of the New Church. a lord is his own right? Bollocks!



THE

# VICTIMISED?

Bean theif and tangerine desperado of the extremest nature Avril Reid, goes into the kitchen, dons psychedelic wellies and takes the next available helicopter in search of

## SOCIETYS VICTIMS

After reaching Saline, I had now to find Eastercraig Gardens. I quizzed a few locals on how to get there, but at the mention of Wullie Pea they screamed, tore at their hair, and popped off. So much for citizenly advice.

Finally getting a taxi to my destination, I began to walk cautiously along the pavement, trying not to tread on the pensioners, lying in RIGOR MORTIS, with signs saying "I went to a Society's Victims gig" hanging round their necks. As I innocently strolled along down this street I never noticed the trip-wire Pea had set up, causing me to fall right into the dreaded garden. This was obviously Pea's abode. The 13 tons of empty Tennant's lager cans and the flag bearing the words "Buy my demo and buy me a beer" implanted in the front green proved it.

At that moment, four mucky faces popped round the door, these I recognised (with aid of Interpol files) as Pea, Stu, Greezy & Sam.

I was invited in and Sam cleared the lager cans (Empty) off the sideboard so I could sit down. While perching myself on the sideboard and wobbling, I thought I'd better get these questions answered or otherwise the editor would be quite upset.

Righto then, let's begin.....Whose idea was it to get together the group, and WHY? I asked these brew-filled fellows. Through slurps of lager I learned that it came to be out of the smoky ruins of Fatal Youth, their old band. Pea said they wanted they wanted to put over their views and everybody agreed. They also wanted to enjoy "A good Bevvy"

The words "Do you get much local support?" came out of my mouth, the Four group members looked at each other. Things went so quiet even Sam stopped singing "Love will tear us apart" and that's mighty serious, Maaaaan..... "What's support?" Greezy asked. I explained what support meant. Their combined opinion was that they didn't get any down their way. "People think we're wierdo's" said Pea, with pouted mouth and a "Feel sorry for me." look on his face. "Some pub's don't even serve us." they went on. This to them must be the worst thing in life, apart from getting beaten up when they do gain access to such taverns.

"We've played 12 gigs!" screamed Stu from the goldfish bowl. They've all been quite good, or so I'm led to believe. Rumour has it that their gig at the 62 club in Aberdeen and the Chimes gig in sunny Dunfermline rated well. Society's victims set out to enjoy themselves at a gig and it would have to be pretty dire before they do'nt.

I was informed that their first gig as SOCIETY'S VICTIMS was at Burntisland. This may come as a shock, but they went onstage SOBER! When asked what their influences were, at the top of the 37 foot long list that Sam handed me, was TENNANT'S LAGER, hastily scribbled in lime green biro pen. I don't suppose they are influenced by many bands seeing as they all like various styles such as The Damned (YYYYAYYY!?) Beatles, Crass, Conflict, and for Sam, who other than JOY DIVISION!

Because I had been gagged by Greezy, who was practicing to be a kidnapper, I had to mumble the next question, which was meant to be "Has there been any disagreements amongst you about your music and lyrics." but sounded more like "Have you mints in your fridge." but I persuaded to degag me so I could put the question across more civilised. "Not really." said Stu (who was now standing on his head whilst eating a bag of crisps.) But Pea said they often have a lot of hassle when they write the songs. Now that I was on the subject of songs and lyrics, I stayed with it. "Our songs are mostly based on anti-war religion and a couple about my experiences on the picket line." Explained Pea, with a silly voice whilst attempting to balance a violin on his toe. Suddenly, he burst into tears. Sam ran and got the 'Scotties', while Greezy told me that Pea is a miner and has been on strike since about march. (and is feeling the lack of money) Stu answered my querie as to whom it was that scribbled the lyrics by saying that Pea writes 99.9% but not forgetting that he himself wrote a couple.

In their set there's about 14 songs, and their own three favourites are..... Pea - (through sniffles) Army, Bob Bob (not a song) Conned with miracles and blind faith. Stu's top three are.... Stu's song (wonder why?) Blind faith and reject religion. Greezy likes.... Army, Blind faith and reject religion.

Sam says clearly...I DO'NT LIKE ANY OF THAT SHIT!!

"What sort of bands do you like?" I asked the four lager-quaffing punksters. Pea and Greezy said that they like Crass, Flux, Discharge, Annie Anxiety, GHI and to sock up to the editor, Red Brigade (Why not?) Stu likes the Damned (Wise man) Pistols, Clash, Insane and Society's victims. Sam was at this moment hanging from the curtain rail, shouting "Joy Division.. Joy Division...Joy Division...Joy Division.. On yes, and Cowdenbeath brass band."

According to an official Society's Victims press release, Greezy and Pea are both vegetarian but still wear leather articles so do'nt go preaching about it.

Apart from Fatal Youth, the boys say they've never been in any other group. "We do'nt want to be either, because no other group drinks as much as us!" said Sam. Any groups wishing to contest

THE LAGER CREW



WILLIAM IN ACTION



GREEZY ON THE BEAT



this claim should contact for further details comparing of beergut measurements.

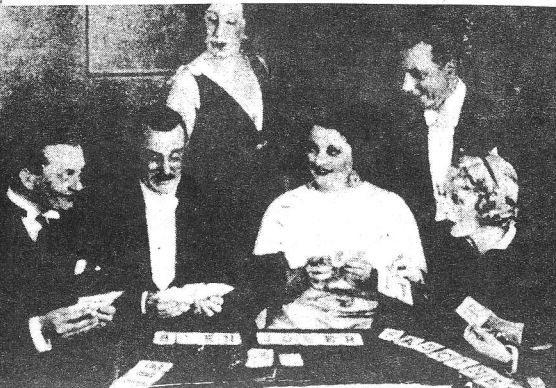
Due to a strong love for lager between them, this line-up has lasted a mega 2½-years and counting. so who knows what they'll do in the future. or for that matter, how long they'll last. After all, they are all 20 years old, so have plenty time to do as they wish. There may be a few additions to their line-up, because they claim that anybody that will buy them a drink can join. So perhaps in the years to come Society's victims will have 64 guitarists, 76 bassists, 45 drummers and 108 singers! It's amazing the things you can do with a few pints. but i think they were only joking. I hope so anyway.....

I approached the subject of their area. "What's your opinion of your area - would you find it easier to get on somewhere else?" after saying that long sentence i had to take a rest so, while reclining on the sideboard, i awaited their answer. After a minute or so of mumbled conferring, they reached the verdict. THIS AREA IS SHIT! and claimed it would be easier to get on anywhere else, even FRASERBURGH!! (this i cannot believe)



ZTT records are currently releasing more versions of FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD's "RELAX" and "TWO TRIBES" as from tomorrow, you will be able to buy a "TWO TRIBES" I2" flat cap, with a bonus track "The greayyyyttt rock 'n' roll swindle (club version) if you buy it with a FGTH compact kit.

Meanwhile the two singles are being coupled (if you'll excuse the phrase) on a picture disc plate which you can eat from, wash with the special "RELAX" washing-up-liquid, and play for that special after-dinner treat, there is also the "RELAX" comfy sofa with an extended version 3-piece suite, along with some FGTH buttock "lick 'n' stick" tattoos. Their latest single "BIG BOYS (stick together) has been banned by the BBC. Spokes man MIKE READ said "they're not our type" so is the U.K set for a new t-shirt invasion.....who gives a f+++????



FGTH - A total bummer (Groan!)

Stu came through from the kitchen with a tan of black boot polish so he could disguise himself as a witches cat. (he's still got the hallow'een spirit in him - and saturday nights)

Judging by these four loonies i met, i wondered what the rest of the punks and skins around here were like. Sam explained that most of them are "Wee kids withn glue bags stuck on their faces." Silly people... "Have you played many local gags?" i asked. "Actually, we've only played a couple." said Greezy, doing his Princess of Wales act. (Complete with court shoes and pill box hat.) They think the Chimes gig in Dunfermline was the best!

When i mentioned practices, they went kinda wild, Stu ate the comfy chair (Oh no! Not the Comfy chair!!?)Pea knocked over his can of lager on the carpet, and ended up putting the whole thing through the mangle (YUK!) WASTE NOT WANT NOT! Well, at the moment they have'nt got a place to practice and have'nt since last March. "Sadly, we got thrown out of our last place." Said Pea, "And we have'nt got enough money to rent another place, there is'nt even a suitable place to squat!"

Pea does all the artwork, well most of it, so you can blame him if you have any complaints but most of their gig posters were done by the bands they support.

Weeeeeeilll.... my final question was "Have you any plans for the future?". "Yeah, go and scrounge enough money for a pint!" They all chimed in unison.

25

TAKE CARE EVERYONE!  
LOVE + BEER

STU - TAKE CARES NOT BOWS!  
SAM - I CANNY PRACTICE THE NIGHT I'A PLAYING IN THE JAZZ BAND!  
GREEZY - C'NON NEEDS BUY US A PINT!

WE'D LIKE TO THANK AV. FOR DOING THIS INTERVIEW, HOPE YOU LIKE IT, SEND AWAY TO PEA FOR THE DEMO TAPE.

A NOTE FROM THE VICTIMS....

PEA, 11, Eastercraig gardens, Saline, Fife, SCOTLAND

## SCANDAL OF THE AGED

by Geoff Rhubarbo

THE FLIGHT of society at the hands of the senior citizens of the 80's is becoming all too disturbing, that is the findings of a shock new report that has been compiled by the Berkshire aged thugs watchdog committee which has kept a close watch on the anarchic antics of the'lumbago and lager'gangs.



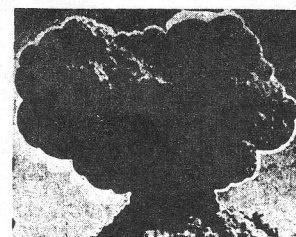
Some old thugs into drugs

Chairman Mr Clive Allsorts, a 21 year old vegetarian, non-drinker, ecologist, community officer and downright boring pillock, stresses his fears over the drastically increasing numbers of aged skinheads (baldies) and bootboys that are gradually over-running Britain's streets, post offices and public transport. "Many teenagers are terrified of going on public buses after dark in case they meet up with these mad septeguanarists. Last week we heard of a case where a young couple were savagely bitten by a boer war veteran, who later had to be put down"

The statistics certainly look GRIM. 65% of crimes in the past 2 years were caused by the over 60's, and 7 in 10 old age pensioners now have a criminal record. Gangs of VICIOUS leather-clad granpas and mint-popping grannys in combat gear are not an uncommon sight in the twilight world of Britain's inner cities. Dehydrated drop-outs and yellowing yobsters are often found to be the main perpetrators of vandalism and racial intimidation. Look in between the photos of "Our Sue's youngest" and the bingo boards in many a granny's handbag and you'll find copies of National Front newsletters and the customary "WOGS OUT" sticker

Mr.Allsorts himself has had a few scary moments. "In the summer, my Fiancee and i were strolling along the sea front at Blackpool, minding our own business, when this old-age motorcycle gang, it was "The Suet Psychos" i think, roared up and called us unrepeatable names, then they threatened us with a nasty death and roared off laughing insanely. i felt physically sick"

The matter is to be raised in the house of commons by M.P Johnathan Bore, who was himself recently subjected to violent attacks from a group calling themselves "The Max Bygraves wrecking crew". Whether the issue will find any support from the HOUSE OF LORDS is anyone's guess.



ALLSORTS: 'sick'



Sing along with mother productions presents!  
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HeeHeeHo... Live at Veneith Hill peace camp.  
EXCELLENT QUALITY, with info booklet £1 (in.p.p)  
SIMON 11, longear lane, Barmley, S.Yorks.S709HE

# BACK SUFFERERS!

The relief you've been waiting for

Okay, to please all you fanzine freaks panting eagerly for the review of some goodly mags, here is the run down on some mellow pages i got my gloves on.... man. No doubt about 84% of them will be outdated to the extent of total deletion and perhaps even a few RIGOR MORTISISED editors? who knows..... as usual, i've put my collective senses of at least two minutes of making sand castles, to Shuffle up on the plain ... man. (again - hippy jargob) read forth with.....

## FANZINE WORLD



I STILL PREFER TOTAL BEAL. IT'S FANZINE AGE!



**SUGAR RAY HEMMAROID** samples the xerox zone where Tipp-ex is king

### JUCULAR VEIN issue 3 25p

"The Airdrie Fanzine" it proclaims, A scottish fanzine..(no shouts of "Och aye the noo" And "Stop your tickling Jock" PLEASE..?) and still they have not heard of Total Beal, (Who wants to?) silly rilly, when i spent a quiet nite in perusing over mounds of monochromed mags, i had to pay attention to J.V. as it has some good interviews with Uproar, the ace Screaming Dead, Last Rites, Resistance 77, Iconoclasts, and Simon Le Bon. Yes it's here, a great spoof on the abysmal D.D vocalist... Ace stuff... some good reviews too... Someone please write to Andy, 7 Drumgoyne Court, Airdrie Scotland and tell him to buy TOTAL BEAL before he falls victim to the curse of Throgmorton.

### SPARSE issue 2 10p

AARRGHH...it does'nt say wot bands are in it, so i shall flick nonchalantly through the pages until i reach Le Endo. Hmmm...some reviews, Toxic Reasons in a nail-biting clinch with an unsuspecting interviewer... Foreign reviews, Some Blood Robots, AH! A bit on the ABUSE, of this funzine fame...Ah, A Potential Threat interview...some bits on love.. (is this man a hippy?) Wartoyo... some more band articles and there you have it... a good ten p's worth... mind you i found it a bit run-of-the-mill. Still, Simon, c/o "LLYFAEN" Spring vale, Rainford, Merseyside, WAII 8PB awaits.

### NO VISIBLE SCAR issue 14 20p

Something tells me that this fanzine has been round for a long time, perhaps it's the "Issue 14" on the cover? well, For all it's sage experience and aged wisdom, it does'nt really have a dazzling layout, and is mostly all reading matter of the musical sense, barring a funny page of "WULLIE & SHUC" a parody on the glue heads of this world? there's some good journalist style in here, as well as reviews and things on The Underdogs, Last Rites (AARRGHH) Health hen, the deceased, 4 O'clock promise, town IV and all that jazz..... issue 15 is out now, so why not? Craig, 17 Percy road, Renfrew, Renfrewshire, PA4 8AZ Scotland.

### PHONIX FROM THE CRYPT, issue 3 20p

AAAAARRRGCGGHHH!!! Hardcore reports for hardcore freaks....Excellent print and nearly all reduced type..top value and unmissable if you are acquainted with the Varukers, Cult maniax, English Dogs, Deformed, KAAOS, Iconoclast, Rattus, Skumdribblers (Nooooooo!!!!) Riisteyt, IconocLASTS (must avoid any confusion, or else we'll all be in the muddle) Rattus and more. PEK, 45 Kelsall Avenue, Eastham, Wirral, Merseyside L62 9EX has no shame and ought to stop wearing his mum's curtains NOW! (good eh?)

### NO CONCERN issue 3. Could be About

I was given this one free, as it has been rumoured to contain the ever-reclusive RED BRIGADE. And really, this is good informative eyestrain. Among the pictures of naked ladies (En? Where?) you'll find Le Destructors, Oi Polloi, Fits, Floweres in the dustbin, a certain Resistance 77, Last rites Toxic reasons and more. Lotsa gig reviews, but mysteriously, no fee of purchase. write to Paul, I26 Gainsborough green, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 5JP. you know it makes sense.

### CAUTION issue 2 20p

If you're a fan of 'Crass' type bands and reading all about 'very serious and important subjects', then this is for you. There's loads of stuff in it, but it's all written with the intent to get as much type on the page as possible with not very much photo's and little or no layout. A lot of reviews and bits with Flux of Pink Indians, Autumn Poison, Chumbawamba, Faction, Passion Killers, Xpozez and more. The man behind this cheeky deed wishes to swap tapes (He has over 1000) so why not contact? Daz Russell, I6 Cherry Orchard Avenue, Halesowen, West Midlands B633RY. WHEEE!

### FEAR THE REAPER issue 2 30p

From the man who did the X.U.K tapes, who played host to the Red Brigade, comes this, the official programme? It is'nt really too good in layout, and there's only one photo. But then again, to cast your peepers upon interviews & bits on Political Asylum (Again!) the Icons, Resistance 77 (another again!) Chumbawamba, Pagan Idols, Alienated, Onslaught and all the other stuff..... A good try. Scribeth forward tooooooo Adrian, I6 Holmclose, Holmbridge, Huddersfield HD7 1NJ.....



Don't miss it! It's a must for all fans of the underground scene. This issue contains interviews with some of the most interesting bands around, including... (text is mirrored and difficult to read)

**UP YOURS!** issue 1. 3 million p.(or 25p.) Tactfully entitled, this subtle effort sashays throughout the mind with all ease.... and other arty phrases. Actually this is the first fanzine i've seen in ages with the DAMNED in it. It may be a basic review, but i like it! There's also the Sex Pistols, (there's something highly original and unexpected) Uproar. Well, they feature in yet another fanzine with the same old info, if the printing had made it readable it could've been better. Well, it makes a change from Woman's own, dunnit? Andy Knott, Starhurst School, Chart Lane South, Dorking, Surrey.

### FOLLOW THE CROWD issue 3 25p

From the Emerald isle (Iceland?) cometh FOLLOW THE CROWD, a great printed mixture of Interviews, info and reviews.... Lots of reading and lots of bits about irish bands, british bands BUT NOTHING ABOUT CELERY. why is this? i failed to find any cryptic clues in the Political Asylum, Carnage, Newtown Neurotics, Impact, Soldier Dolls, Ramones, L.A.M.F, Naked and Toxic waste articles, but perhaps DOE of 34 Cardenville Avenue, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland BT79 7DB can explain this outrage. i am speechless...what more can i say?

### LIVING DEAD issue 3, the last. 25p

And let's hear it for Living Dead, it bows out with it's head hung high and a review in BEAL. (The shame of it all) Ste of SPLAT! Distribution is responsible for this array of anarchic jives. Some good interviews with the Lost Cherrees, who seem rather peeved at having to face some NON serious queries, (How boring) The Toy Dolls, who do'nt, Deformed - silly fellows. No Brain Cells who are even more sillier, Post Motem, Salt 2 and maybe tomorrow. As Ste will be taking a few copies off my hands (Of this mag) i recommend you buy some more for your friends and order a few of LIVING DEAD as well. Karma ville Man. Ste, 11 Charnock, Skelmersdale, WNB 9DZ.

### BOSTIK DOWNING STREET issue 2 5p!

The perpetrator behind this affair, a foolish gent called DAZ SHEEFO, sent me a bunch of these in exchange for Total Beal. Was it a fair deal for him? This is more of a poster than anything else. 2 X A4 size (A3) printed on both sides, and there's even a bit of colour (RED) on the front! this is a crammed together collection of Plasmid, Kulturkampf, the fiend and Hagar the womb interviews. Good stuff i daresay. He says that the next edition will be more of a humorous affair... this man needs of watering. Great cover to it as well.. (Thought i might as well mention it, like...AHM!) Daz, 89 Heacham drive, Leicester, LE4 0LL.

A natural answer to life's stresses

Our reporter SMEGMA PHALLUS O' PISHPART went along to interview Frank Sinatra after one of his recent concerts. With a back-hander or two to get him past Frank's minders, he caught him lying on a stretcher about to enter the intensive care unit at St. Vanians hospital for the terminally clapped out.

# SINATRA SHOCK

## THE SORDID TRUTH

## REVEALED

By our Blackcurrant correspondent in 'Noo Yoik'

SMEGMA PHALLUS O' PISHPART

World Exclusive



SMEGMA : How often do you use that dialysis machine Frank?

FRANK, Groans weakly and asks for a "Fix of uppers"

SMEGMA Say Frank, what d'ya think of the enormous heroin problem?

FRANK Frank, in a barely audible whisper " The profit potential is enormous "

SMEGMA Does that mean that you're pulling out of death weapons and reinvesting your loot in smack Frank?

FRANK Frank begins to shudder violently, so much so that his toupee falls off. he has noticed a passing buxom nurse. " UUUUUUUUUHH .....UUUUHH...UUUH...GROOOOOOAAAANNNN "

SMEGMA What's your fave music Frank? i noticed the CHAOS UK tattoo on your forehead

FRANK " PINK FLOYD, TANGERINE DREAM, MOTORHEAD, EXPLOITED, SKREWDRIVER, oh and CRASS. I've got quite a few CRASS rarities ectually..... Steve Ignorant's probably my number one source of musical inspiration."

SMEGMA Frank, a lot of people accuse you of being OLD and PAST IT, what are you going to do about getting less OLD Frank?

At this point Frank groaned weakly and shook his walking stick at me, only to be restrained by his ever-present doctor, who warned him about exerting himself.

SMEGMA Does it bother you that your doctor follows you everywhere, to the bathroom, in the shower, during sex even?

FRANK " FUCK OFF "

SMEGMA What about value for money? last gig you played you only stayed on for eleven minutes - and you had to be forcibly dragged on screaming and shouting

FRANK " That's entertainment!"

SMEGMA And the fifty minute violin solo during which you drank a bottle of scotch?

FRANK " That's a lie! it was milk. I always give value for money "

SMEGMA There is a rumour that you are in fact DEAD. Is this true Frank? are you holding back on the fans?

FRANK " Certainly not, i'd tell you if i were dead. I'd make more money dead "

SMEGMA There is a school of thought that says that you are in fact GOD, what is your reaction to this?

FRANK " I agree wholeheartedly, naturally "

SMEGMA Curious is it not, that it is YOUR money that finances that particular outfit?

FRANK " That's a lie, it's a charity "

SMEGMA What about OI music Frank?

FRANK " Ah yes, I've just bought "SON OF OI" some shit-hot guitar licks on that one!"

SMEGMA What are your views on nuclear war then Frank?

FRANK " To be Frank HA? HA!.....HA?.....??? It's not as bad as it's made out - radiation can be quite enjoyable if you learn how to appreciate it. As for mutant babies, well, everyone loves a freak - eh? look at the elephant man, won an oscar, not bad for a mutant eh?"

SMEGMA Not bad at all. Does your mother really have a goats head tattooed on her vagina?

FRANK " I never knew a mother, or a father, i never had any parents"

SMEGMA Aw, that's a pity, i'm sorry for you

FRANK (emotional) " Yup me too "

SMEGMA Guess that makes you a BASTARD Frank, eh? EH?????!!!!

FRANK BECAME BORED AT THIS POINT AND DECIDED TO AMUSE HIMSELF BY SHOOTING OUR REPORTER SMEGMA PHALLUS O' PISHPART BETWEEN THE EYES WITH A COLT 45.



Frank's best friend, Mr. Cyril Bent.



Frank in a clever guise Bolton 1982.



previously unreleased snap of Frank recording his recent album.

EPITOLITE


FRANK SINATRA DIES

Frank Sinatra, who has actually been dead for some eight years, today admitted to an amazed press gathering that he was "dead" Sinatra's record " Sorry folks, but i've copped it " is currently riding high at number one in the British, American, French, Brazilian and the Sandwich Islands charts.

Robert Morely was reported to have said yesterday that he was " Most distressed at finding myself masturbating over the picture of what was basically a corpse."

Frank denied rumours that his brain had been accidentally removed, during a recent operation to remove a small growth on his ear.

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**RODDY'S GARDEN**  
By RODDY LLEWELLYN

Q - Some of my rhubarb went soft earlier than usual this year and the leaves withered.

A - Oi'd say that some bloody dog's gone and pissed all over it. MARK MOI WORDS, the same happened with my aspidistra.

Q - For some months, my lawn has been developing brown patches surrounded by healthy looking grass. Despite watering, spiking and re-seeding, i can't get rid of them.

A - It's bloody dog's crap is'nt it? any bloody fool with any amount of sense could know that. Did'nt you check your shoes? Watch out for worms.

Q - Why has'nt My Clematis, planted three years ago, flowered this year?

A - Because it's likely went off to the great gro-bag in the sky. Turdhead!

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Q - I've acquired an Australian wattle plant, unfortunately without any instructions. can you advise?

A - No Oi bloody well can not, and what on earth is an Australian wattle plant? never heard of em. If i were you, oi'd throw the bloody thing in the bin. Cant be too careful with that foreign rubbish.

Q - My Hydrangea has grown too big for my wee garden, i'd like to transfer it into a large container at the back of my house. when is the best time?

A - Just after "Star trek", but if you cant be bothered to move your arse to do it, then leave the bloody thing to die-it's only a sodding Hydrangea for christ's sake, now if it was a cannabis plant.....

Q - Early in the year i planted several conifers, to say i'm disappointed is putting it mildly. Despite giving them plenty of fertiliser and putting the water sprinkler on them almost daily, most are turning brown and TWO HAVE DIED!!!

A - Well?? as far as i'm concerned, you're just a total failure and a whining nobody. Do'nt try and get in with the big guys of this game, i bet you buy all your stuff brand new out of them bloody garden centres, grow things out of them sodding packets of seeds and go on about "getting the bird table and summerhouse built" you're a bleedin' NOWHERE and you can shove your conifers up your rear end.

Any queries about your garden, window box or beard? just send them with a SAE + £4.26 compulsory consultation fee (or no reply whatsoever)

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**ARI** £4.95  
Easily 3 little trees indoors for £7.95  
Self pollinating hardy, frost resistant

do not send in the plant concerned, or we'll come and smash up your garden.

**OBITUARY** Issue 7 20p

For foreign punk fanatics and all the Haircut 100 freaks out there, very interesting stuff indeed, let a bit more be known for us uneducated fellows unaccustomed to U.S vibes. in this latest exciting edition, Special Forces meet with Arroganta Agitator from Sweden, Pandemonium from Holland, Fardition from Australia shoot Rolf Harris, Corrosion of Conformity invest in British Telecom and...and...oh but i'm telling you the plot, go and buy it, it's all done in the best possible taste. Mick Slaughter, 16 Cold Blow Crescent, Bexley, Kent, Da5. 2ds.

**Advertisement (honestly)**



**TREV WAS A 7-STONE WEAKLING....**

Now this sea air has done wonders for my bronchitis!

**SUDDENLY ....**

You skinny little RUNT, do'nt you know this is a beach for REAL men?

**WAH!**

**LATER THAT AFTERNOON.....**

This is the stuff! i'm a new man, i'll show that bloody bully boy...wait till he sees this...the Chuck Map kit really DOES work!

**BACK AT THE BEACH.....**

Leave my girl, shitehead

**OOH! Trev!**

Do'nt let that bully get you down, man, why not try the Chuck ordinance survey map body building kit, it'll drive the birds wild...that'll be new to you

He's right Trev, you ARE a pathetic skinny bastard, i'm off in search of some decent sweaty thrusting male bodies....stuff it small boy...


**AAAARGH!**

Eat lead, sucker!

**BOOM!!!**

**OUCH!**

**BEWARE OF GUN-CRAZY HE-MEN!**



TIRED of being spat upon? always "spineless"? try the **CHUCK MAP** body building kit

'IT BROUGHT OUT THE MAN IN ME' - joan collins £40 per kit

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IT WORKS!

# Out And About

WITH THE BEALERS

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RINGING EARS

AND HEAVY EXPENSE ACCOUNTS FROM VARIOUS SEEDY CONCERNS...

BY VARIOUS NONENTITIES

## CONFLICTING "VIEWS" Part 105

CONFLICT - 62 club, Aberdeen

Once again the claustrophobic corners of the sixty-two club beckon me forward to witness another knees-up, and this time it's the housewife's favourites, those conservative sympathisers CONFLICT. On the way through their British tour, it's the first time that these chaps have ventured to this territory, and it was not to be missed.

With a healthy crowd (no pallid skin and runny noses in tonight) in force, it promised to result in an evening of punky pleasure... Perhaps if they'd done a joint tour with Howard Keel, then we'd have had several hundred senile grey heads swilling tins of export and writing graffiti in the toilets.

First to take their spots (and other nasty things) on-stage were, er... I can't seem to remember, the name escapes me, but they generated a loud array of fuzz and distortion, mainly due to the fact that the p.a. was not in the best of moods and hence, a poor sound emitted, which caused considerable ringing in the ear area for a while after.

Icons of Filth bounced on like the anarcho-spokesmen we knew they were, and delivered a fair set, which would have been great apart from the bad sound.

The men of the moment took the long straw and went on third. This was the signal for significant crowd response, and they looked satisfied. Taking their X-marked positions and looking a lot less hairier than of late, the Conflicted ones mustered up many masses of flying forms falling and flopping on the floor. But for those bloody amps, which must've had it in for anyone and everyone, the vocals would have progressed beyond the muffled mouthings, but Colin let off the steam by knocking out the stage's resident woodworm with the mike stand.

An interesting night out, but WOOAH THERE BOY, was that a beefburger that I saw sticking out of Colin's back pocket? Somehow I fear not.... BIG AL

KINSTEIN 3rd

## The 7 deadly Sin-atras

FRANK SINATRA IN ACTION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDENS

Frank Sinatra Live at Madison Square gardens

WOEEEE! howsabouts THIS for instant credibility? a free ticket to the society gig of the year, and what a gig! Big "F" himself, revitalised by some recent neuro brain surgery and his new 'macho' leather, bristles studs 'n' cone look.... Eat your heart out Liberace! also the addition of Angus Young from AC/DC to perform, as Frank himself later put it, "Some shit-hot guitar riffs" with the help of the dancing mums courtesy of the Damned! As I entered the cramped, sleazy confines of Madison square thingummyjig blah blah, it was I who witnessed the bouncers evicting several dozen seig-heiling skinheads bearing banners with slogans such as "Adolf was right all along" if they had come in order to try and put Frank off his mark then they'd have been hard put to even make his eyes water.

Settling down with my box of FRANK popcorn, I witnessed more yobboery in the shape of the infantile booming of the RAMFANT PHALLUS' a punk band from China no less.... c'mon Frank, sweet and sour chicken is one thing, oriental anarchy is a bit too much.

They failed to stimulate any members of the audience..... and more boredom came in the shape of BOB HOPE'S ARSE..... which generally generated a feeling of dulled senses amongst the jeering crowd. Only the quick thinking of the Italian heavies saved the band from a sticky death at the hands of the angry front row-ers, who were spotted as having Liz Taylor.

Kenneth Williams and Charles Bronson right in the thick of it! The P.A. system roared. "And heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee Frankie!!!" amidst a dazzle of spotlights and white teeth, the man of the moment enters stage centre, walking down the stairs of the replica Taj Mahal stage set..... Leather strides and blue rinse bouffant wig it was, and the audience couldn't have cared whether WATIE was up there spitting best of Horner pills over their heads. The roars and screams led one to believe that a severe case of spontaneous human combustion had taken place among the crowd.

"This one's for Billy Idol, Johnny Rotten and T.V. Smith, it's called BELSEN WAS A GAS" and straight into a firecracker performance that would have made LEMMY hang his bass in shame. Strutting the stage like a man possessed, (by the hire purchase firm) Frank looked pleased. "Come on you mother f-ckers, I wanna see you move your asses" the headbanging crowd loved every minute of it.... who said Captain Sensible is the king when it comes to stage vulgarity? This old codger the Fritz! Be it with his mike swinging act, the beer hour "I'm far funnier than Bob Hope" or the frenzied fuzz attack of "Nuclear missiles aren't all THAT bad y'know" the masses bopped and flopped to a set of sheer sulphate rock. "Anyone in here tonight with hemorrhoids? - asked Frank, waving a toilet roll - This one's for you, it's called "Pat arsed nobody" leaping from a P.A. stack a la Vanian. leather jacket with "GOD IS A SOD" emblazoned on the back in gloss, who tried to punch one of the dancing mums, Frank took a vicious edge and a handful of valium, to see him the last chords of a manic "WOODOO CHIE" and a totally obscene "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" although STAR was changed for a nasty word...not nice at all!

Sinatra took out a can of McEvans, "You're all a bunch of faggot NOWHERES" he snarls, and after taking out a glass eye, storms offstage.

The crowd are going apeshit! several chairs are being hurled to the comper, who is up onstage declaring that Frank has locked himself in a toilet and Refuses to come out. "A bad trip...he must be coming down or something" is the rumour. "A difference in the fee" is the official reason. A man next to me jumps up to aim a punch at a riot-steward, Chaos seems certain.

Finally, just as it looked as though the punters were going to take the hall to pieces, saviour Frank is dragged on screaming and shouting and finally after a ten minute fracas, slays "MY WAY" which brought the house down, "White Christmas" his version, which just REEKED of ZAPPA!! "MY WAY" again, a few more self compositions and the final encore of an obscene "MY WAY".....throwing his mike into the audience in disgust, which hit KATIE BOYLE on the head, and a court case is to follow.

Outside I mingled with the rioting crowd, Dickie Henderson was arrested drunk and disorderly and Jimmy Tarbuck was chancing his luck. Sinatra was their hero, but how long will the geriatric guru of chaos last????? stay tuned folks, and buy his new album etc etc....

## NO MOIRA HEROES?

MOIRA ANDERSON/SUBHUMANS, ODDY'S CLUB, OLDHAM

"It's a bloody wild performance you're going to see here tonight" assured the chap at the door as he lovingly snatched my fee from my sweaty grasp. It had better be, that was mums gas money that I had taken out of the piggy bank, and was now being thrust hurriedly into the damp confines of a rusted cash box.

Striving to cater for all tastes, Oddy's have laid on a special traditional Scottish Highland and Punk Crossover Evening, entitled obviously "Pass The Thistle Relish, Morag" on Moira's own advice. Having seen Moira at the first 100 Club punk festival in '76, failing to please the management into allotting her a place, with a raucous busking mixture of punk

EAGER FRANK FANS TO THE FOREFRONT.

→ P.T.O.



pleased punters cheer as Conflict thrash on...



Has the new queen of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll arrived? Perhaps it's her way of saying, "I'm o.k. f\*\*\*k you" but then again.....

and bagpipe muse, I had a basic idea of what to expect. In an attempt to plug her latest album, "Zill Thatcher", Moira had gone on a British tour here she starts off.- a lesson in Highland Hardcore Heroics? The teacher of tartan sash trash?

Mingling with the assorted crowd of punks, hippies, accountants and Callum Kennedy clones, I spied Moira herself, propping up the bar surrounded by her notorious clan (Road Crew) spouting subjects on home made broth. The Alexander Brothers new LP, throwing the hammer and petrol bombing police cars.

There was sudden commotion, the Subhumans had ignited their set, classic punk it was, the whole place moved to the sound of their familiar twang. Seven times the stage was invaded by people from all walks of life, and death. But it was Moira herself whom the varied crowd had turned up to see. How could she follow-up the Subhumans? - easy! with a guitarist, drummer, accordionist (accordion plugged into a distortion box) double bassist and a fiddler. (He fiddled about a lot in the set) She blew the Subhumans offstage!

Supported by several burly minders, she took to the stage and went into control with a stream of drunken obscenities and witty remarks. "All those with DISCHARGE on their jackets please stand up." A multitude responded. "Then bloody well clean it off then, ha ha ha!" Was she extracting the urine? I think so. Really, the crowd could've hoped for a better show of classic folk punk. Insulted or not, they could've cared less. "Old Scotch Mother Of Mine" and "Granny's Heilan Hame" - translated into "Grandmothers Highland Residence" were 1000 times more powerful than the originals and somehow "Stop Yer Tickling Jock" brought the house down, especially with the moving tambourine solo midway...there wasn't a dry eye in the place...

Finishing by vomiting on the head of some unfortunate mohican in the front row, she stumbled off in a state of sweat-covered inebriation - never to return for the encore.

## THE GREAT WHOOSH

# BAN ON POPE

POPE JOHN PAUL was escorted from Rome sherriff court today in his custom built popemobile, following his appearance on the charges of driving while under the influence of alcohol, breach of the peace, possession of a flick-knife, assault and also possession of cannabis. Pope gave a plea of guilty and justice Cyril Skanks announced that he be fined 19 gold crucifixes. The incidents arose after an incident in " Naughty Mary's wine bar " in downtown Rome, the notorious red light area. After assaulting a bartender, pope drove off in a stolen car which he later announced that he thought it was a gift from god, and when picked up by the police, was found to be in the possession of 4 grammes of cannabis. Resin. Outside the court, Pope announced " I do not have to talk to no damn reporters, so may god be with you, & f- -k off "

Pope's lawyer, Mr I. PROFFIT, punched randomly at the mass of reporters outside and had to be dragged away forcibly, with foam coming out of his mouth.

# O'CONNOR & FRIENDS' LSD SHOCK GASP

Arthur mullard yesterday talked freely about his "bad trip" on acid at popstar Des O' Connor's house last saturday. Said Arthur " I wuz trippin' alright wiv a few of me mates - y'know, gettin' wired into some Floyd purchae - when WHAM! Des puts on his " Gooseberry Carbuncle " L.P. and i freaked out"

Patrick Moore, also present was reported to have commented " What a bastard Des is i was just getting wipeout hallucinations to Astronomy Dominie when that cunt O' Connor slams on his latest musical nightmare. Right away i got swallowed by a black hole, ejected into a meteorite storm then crushed to the size of a fly's turd by a white dwarf "

Bad trip lads? Arthur Scargill, also present said " I got such a shitter that i fell over, jacked up my ankle with an empty syringe, spilt me coke down the bog and accidentally raped Des' pet gerbil "

Des later stated " What a bunch of boring cunts, acid went out years ago "



Mullard - "Freaked aht"

a POPE-nasty

Moirra Anderson - The new Beki Bondage?

## HANDY HOUSEHOLD TIPS

## How to fight the system: OR

By PAUL "TROTSKY" BRUCE

# A guide to revolution

Hello all you young rebels!! To aid you in your bid for chaos and anarchy, i have prepared a guide to enable you to defeat the system.

lesson one. STARTING OUT Stop burning dustbins as a form of revolution this is a failure and will only make your school smell. Organise yourselves and raise funds ( e.g. Whist drives and foxtrots competitions are just two ideas ) DO'NT TAKE UP TAP DANCING many revolutionaries have made this fatal mistake. ( try fleeing from the law whilst doing a tap dance )

DO'NT SAY ANYTHING NASTY ABOUT THE ROLLING STONES  
this reduces your "street-cred" with your followers.  
TRY TO LOOK INTELLECTUAL Even if it means carrying  
a copy of "PLATO GOT IT WRONG" around with you.

lesson two. GATHERING YOUR DISCIPLES This may include many forms of grovelling, but there are some useful points. 1) TRY TO SOUND ENTHUSIASTIC

2) PROMISE THEM MONEY OR SEX - preferably both but do not recruit homosexuals as this could lead to many embarrassing confrontations.

lesson three. PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT - Try these exercises to tone up your revolting skills.

1) Find a policeman, shout "Piggy-wiggy" at him and run away fast.

2) All revolutionaries must practice poses for the covers of history books. An ideal one is back hunched, face contorted with hate, fist outstretched and fingers forming the classic "V".

Lesson four. THE REVOLT BEGINS - To help you, I have outlined the classic etiquette for revolution. I) Look shifty, and approach a policeman sideways. Tap him on the shoulder, ask him "Can you dance the Fandango?" whereupon, the policeman, in keeping with tradition, will

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quality and materials. UK made 100%  
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lesson five. WHAT TO DO IF YOU LOSE - Tough shit, e or white. \$3.95 p.&g.

Lesson six. WHAT TO DO IF YOU WIN - Give up. Revolutionaries are generally unpopular. Furthermore, your generals and majors are plotting against you this very minute. Anyway, what did you hope to gain? An audience with Woody Allen? Free copies of the "Tatler"? No, you'll probably wind up with a knife in your back for standing on balconies and saying "Brothers and sisters" a lot.

Give up and take up a nice safe hobby such as studying  
woodwork in the Pyrenees or catching fish with your mouth.

**next week; those blocked-up drains**

# AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY PRETENTIOUS

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## CULTURE CORNER - with monty offal

An instalment of indispensable instantaneously important information for all the high society inebriate (persian) carpet-crawlers is about to unfold in front of your monocled eyes.... our daring reporter PAUL BRUCE alias "CHAMPERS CHARLIE" has been hard at work, what with rubbing shoulders with the top brass at garden parties, beanfeasts, banquets and royal film premiere's and the like. after his arduous ordeal, he managed to reveal that he had come across several "Hot art-cultural documents which could either make us unbelievably rich or the exact reverse." Unfortunately, after unsuccessfully trying to sell our stuff to various concerns, the latter was to be. Nevertheless, judge for your own mind.

### The Unknown side of George Bernard Shaw

As you may know, some of Shaw's later works have been discovered in a fish shop in Brighton. They were being used to wrap chips in. After painstaking recovery work by "Slick Sid's Antiques", most of the plays have been restored. Here for the first time, we attempt to review these brilliant new works. First the earliest one.

#### "Mr Drügen's story."

This play has a timeless element set in 1897. It tells of a submarine attack on wales and how, after a desperate attempt to light a cigarette, Drügen realises that man's betrayal of himself will lead to a chain reaction leading ultimately to the abolishment of British Rail.

A moving story, Drügen's character is examined in depth, his relations with Bella, and her ultimate rejection of him to a life of surrogate parenthood. Reprinted here is the scene where Drügen is finally rejected by Bella.

BELLA : "Just FUCK OFF Drügen, Just FUCK OFF!!!!"

DRÜGEN : " But bella, what will i do? you can't leave me for "BABIES INTERNATIONAL" how am i going to make Yorkshire pudding?"

BELLA : "Look, Slicker Sidney said £500 a week! I'm not going to stay here if i can get that!"

( EXIT BELLA, DRÜGEN LOOKING PENSIVE )

DRÜGEN ; " I wish i had a match"

Genius! Sheer genius! we are left wondering at the end of act 2 whether Drügen really is going to light a cigarette with a match, or worse still, set fire to his trousers. Shaw at his cliff-hanging best.

The second play is called.....

#### "Berna's bath."

It concerns the growing realisation of womanhood in a young girl (13) and the terrible conflicts in her emotions. The main plot deals with her attempts to get her father out of the toilet so she can have a bath. Here is the scene where BERNA confronts her femininity and her father (offstage in the toilet) simultaneously.

BERNA : " C'mon dad, get out, i want to take a bath."

DAD : " Alright Berna, have your bath.....er....is it alright if i get to watch?"

( BERNA SIGHS )

DAD : " What are you doing?"

BERNA : " I'm going to change my tights"

DAD : ( after a long pause ) " Er..... Berna..."

BERNA : " Yes? "

DAD : " There's something i have to tell you, er, you're not REALLY a GIRL, you see, you're mother so wanted a daughter, and you know how stubborn she is....."

( EXIT BERNA, FUMING )

Seen at the KING KURT gig at the Brixton Ace T! other week were no less than Viscount Linley, (who thought it "Rather a jolly throw") Eather Rantzen, who was right up at the front with the Kurt courtege, Captain Sensible - who joined in with the frolics and was wearing a rather catching rabbit outfit. Bobbing about in the crowd was the galloping gourmet D.J JIMMY YOUNG, whom everyone thought was going to take part in ye olde snakebite comp. CLEMENT FREUD won it by miles and BERYL REID got the complimentary slop bucket. PETE MURRAY (D.J) and ERIC

SYKES propped up the bar, Russel Mardy got "a wee bit shaken" in a crowd stir-up down the front and had to be given smelling salts. Bob Monkhouse was there, "RELAX" attire on as well, jumping onstage and trying to grab Maggot's saxophone was Jasper Carrott and there were surprise backing vocals from an under-the-affluence-of-Incohol NORMAN WISDOM!!! I also spotted Callum Kennedy making a rare appearance and giving the instructions to caber-tossing. NICK HOGGS was slagging off the pope and Bruce Forsyth was busy being sick in the corner. Obviously he didn't play his cards right....(groan) all in all, it was a brilliant gig and as a treacle covered SNEGGY later put it ...."SGFKPN LUUOFDRES BHNYTRFH"..so there you have it!!

### exclusive

The next play, " TRAUMA AT C AND A " deals with the social issue of a failure coming to terms with society and being thrown out of Woolworths. BATTEMANN, the failure, is trying to buy a copy of "The Sun" when he is stopped by a policeman, symbolic here, of society in general.

COPPER : " Look here BUI! you're coming with me for being drunk and disorderly!"

BATTEMANN : ( swaying, clutching a bottle ) " I'm not drunk honestly i'm not "

### "The beauty of Battersea power station."

Shaw's final new play, has a subtle way of dealing with violence. The hero, BLUTO, is a strangely simple man, who, despite the treatment bestowed on him by the police, still retains his dignity by beating up old men. In this scene, BLUTO hiding behind a call-box pounces on an old man.

BLUTO : ( punch ) " YOU STUPID OLD BASTARD! ( punch ) You might've known ( punch ) I'd be here" ( Punch )  
OLD MAN : ( bleeding ) " But i like.... OUCH!.... walking down the....OUCH!  
.....street. Battersea is..... OUCH!.... beautiful just now.....  
OUCH!....."  
BLUTO : "Oh shut up and bleed"(punch,punch)

As i write, the future of the plays are uncertain, Slicker Sidney has opened a multi-national and says he is looking forward to doing more business with Bert's chipper in the near future.



SHAW 'dead'



Oh well, must dash  
for now, see you  
next ish.  
TOODLE-PIP! Morny

WE HERE AT BEAL MAKE THE TEA PUT ON SOME GOOD VIBES AND

32

ARE  
**YOU**  
A

CALL ME A LIAR  
PAL?



WHO  
HE?

ASK

Fuckin  
PUNK ROCK  
FUCK!



# BORING BASTARD?

By **MICHAEL FOOT**

DO HUNDREDS CORRECT THEIR ROUTE ON SIGHT OF YOU COMING DOWN THE STREET? Does the sight of (Quote) "Punk bastards with hair like an exploded Hedgehog, HA HA HA!!" Cause you to break out into a violent temper and announce how a short back and sides and a spell in the army would "Sort the junkies out."??????? Do you verge on heart failure at the news that WHAM! have a new single coming out next week? Is your philosophy that of "WE LOVE MAGGIE, RONNIE AND THE WONDERFULLY PROTECTIVE CRUISE MISSILES"? Is the wit of Bob Monkhouse likely to cause you to break out in convulsions of raucous laughter? Is your idea of a weekend "A few dozen jars with the boys, kick some head, have a chinky's, and then home to sort out the old slag, Knowworra mmeearnnn???" (How manly of you, i must say. YAWN!) IF SO The let it be said, without fear of contradiction that you have passed this test with flying

IT'S FOR ALL THE TRENDY WEEKENDERS!

colours (Blood and vomit tone) For all the punky, psychedelic and otherwise level headed frames who are out there, gloating at this rancid type, do not be upset if you fail with no points (The less the better!) For this is a quiz to sort out all the wisely inclined people from the mind-numbing BORING BASTARDS.....

Is the grip of DURAN DURAN around your beer belly and tightening? Do you require oxygen after being carried off the disco floor after showing everyone your latest routine during "The Reflex"???? Do you keep Spandau Ballet pin ups hidden underneath your chest wig box?

Proffessor JIM BONKERS of the Forfar College of Floyd And Inebriation, has kindly lent his services from his latest work, a look into the world of the boring bastard (Tedium Phallic head) To compile this quiz... Read on and may the biggest beer gut win.

6 For All Who Believe in The "JUN"

WHAT IS YOUR BEST DRINKING RECORD?

- A) 47 pints (At least!)
- B) 30 pints, before i went out for the night with the lads.
- C) Can't remember really.
- D) 12 cokes. Straight, no ice!

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF "ELECTRIC SHOCK-HAIRED YOUNGSTERS"?

- A) Hang the idlers!
- B) YEEAAAAY!! We arrra people!!
- C) Frankly, i think it's a DISGRACE AND they're all drug addicts!!!!
- D) No comment, They look too rough.

A BLOKE STARTS ON YOU IN THE PUB, DO YOU...

- A) Ignore him totally.
- B) Put down the other two guys you're Hammering, put down your pint and kill him!
- C) Break down a plead forgiveness.
- D) People are too scared to start on n ME.

DO'NT YOU REALISE THAT VIOLENCE IS UNNESECARY?

- A) Piss off you bastards, i'll kill you, right?
- B) Yes, but i know this little place..
- C) If they want to mangle me into a bloodied heap, i do'nt mind....
- D) You starting pal? Ah'll Bloody WASTE Ye, eh?call me a liar would ye?

The "REFLEX" IS PLAYED ON THE DISCO, DO YOU.....

- A) Stay put. Modern dancing is far too dangerous.

- B) Open your shirt revealing hairy chest with plentiful glod chains & shock everyone with your new routine
- C) Laugh into your pint.
- D) Crash onto the dance floor, knocking everyone over, give your legendary John Travolta impersonation, pull down your trousers exposing your rear and end up being carried out screaming and punching.

SOMEONE IS CHATTING UP YOUR GIRLFRIEND/ BIG SISTER/TORTOISE. DO YOU....

- A) Announce it's time you both left, & show displeasure at the pillock.
- B) Grab the bastard, punch them, shove their teeth down their throat, and jump up and down on their head.
- C) Threaten them with lots of sore bits and fall off your chair.
- D) Say "Peel free mate, it's okay!!! Er, promise you won't hit me?"

YOU SEE A PUNKY TYPE PERSON DRINKING QUIETLY IN A CORNER. DO YOU.....

- A) Say "Hellooo mon..." and discuss punk /Psychedelic related subjects.
- B) Stagger over, grab their hair, haul them out in front of 'The lads' and spring into a chorus of "I want to be a punk rocker but my mammy would'nt let me..." Followed by the immortal "Now i'm not being cheeky or anything but how do you get yer hair to stick up like that?"
- C) Walk by for fear of violence.
- D) Hit them on the head with a table, break their arms and blame them for the state of the country, the Famine in Zimbabwe and your family's entire problems over the past 25 years.

NAME YOUR 4 FAVOURITE GROUPS/ ACTS.

- A) WHAM! Culture Club, Duran Duran and Spandau ballocks.
- B) Cliff Richard, The Andrews sisters, Frank Ifield and Ken Dodd.
- C) Duran Duran, Duran Duran, Frankie goes to Hollywood and Duran Duran.
- D) Damned, Crisis, Buzzcocks, Discharge (Or otherwise)

WHAT DOES THIS REMIND YOU OF?

- A) Someone with their head screwed on the right way if you ask me.
- B) A Nazi thug (I Think)
- C) 2 people with electric shocks.
- D) OH MY GOD, Does your mother know you're out like that?

SOMEONE SPILLS YOUR DRINK. DO YOU...

- A) Kill him immediately.
- B) Buy him one, just in case...
- C) Show signs of disapproval and protest until they buy you another drink, hoping that they're not a boring bastard.
- D) Demand them to lick it all up, or else it's death...

SOMEONE IN THE PUB IS GOING ON ABOUT HOW HARD/GOOD IT WAS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. DO YOU...

- A) Realise that they're a boring bastard and retreat to a peaceful spot free from such people.
- B) Listen to them and try and beat

# ARE YOU A BORING BASTARD? CONTINUED 33

TH for th and a

Move the hand! and the seat with you. The High Seat takes the effort from getting out of chair. See it 20/4

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them by telling the biggest times-were-hard-but-we-were-happy story, no matter HOW unbelievable. Agree entirely - in case they get violent. Kill everyone in a fit of jealous rage (OR threaten to....)

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION ON THATCHER AND THE BOMB?

A Obviously a heap of poo-poo. B I think that they're great, at least they're keeping out all these commie socialists and that lot, As well as dealing with all these long haired layabouts. C I'm in no position to comment..... They'll see us alright, just you see...I'm always right.....Maggie Will save us, just you watch.....

YOU ARE AT A PARTY WHICH NEEDS LIVENING UP. DO YOU....

A Skin-out in search of a party that is'n't full of boring bastards..... B Never go to partys. C Pour the goldfish bowl over your head, "Moon" to all the females (Horror) in the room, and dance on the tables singing rude songs. D Start to drink as much free drink as possible, be sick over the stereo and throw everyone about with intent to maim.

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SCORE 110 - 50

NO need to feel upset at such a low score, at least it proves you answered them 'Properly' and shown that there are still lots of people with sense, I mean, you bought this funzine didn't you? (Whaddyamean NO? Put it back this minute or else buy one, you festering boil!!!) Remember, if you meet a boring bastard in the street, pub or even on top of a considerably high building, treat it like spots, ignore it and it'll go away..BYE!

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YOU are a total BORING BASTARD! How can you be so boring? Personally I recommend a six foot deep hole and a similar sized pine box. You are the kind who beat up people (Especially people with long hair and any kind of non-natural colouring in it) for no reason whatsoever and are an absolute total insult to the intelligence of the 'Civilised' world. Forever going on about the good old days or how the army should be sent into Britain to kill anyone with the slightest tinge of swarthy above a tan, your sensory apparatus and intelligence linger behind the borders of lager and Duran Duran. I'll send you a Cyanide pill. You have the mental capacity of a common or garden brick. And Bagey jeans, are they a threat to mankind??????????

SCORE 150 - 110

quite boring, in fact mind numbingly so, but at least you do not bring violence into it... Spineless, drab and awful, been doing the same 9 to five job for thirty years etc, that kind of type. Throw away that sock suspenders and buy some good vibes man, get into some punk rock.....

Alstons Sci

Great

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DUNLOP

AND FOAM

WHAT DO YOU DO OF A SATURDAY AFTERNOON?

A Buy a crate of heavy, put on your smelliest socks, lie on the settee watching "World of sport" And farting. B Go Down the local, drink AT LEAST twelve pints for a warm up for the evening, and then go down the high street, shouting rude things to young females and singing "Wake me up before you go-go" to the distress of many. C Whatever comes to mind. D Watch the Open university videos.

YOU SEE SOMEONE SELLING "TOTAL BEAL!" (GOOD ONE, EH?) DO YOU.....

A Buy it - like the sensible kind you are! (Hint hint) B Refuse, as it's full of nasty words and pictures of glue-sniffing violent punk rockers with fifty inch tall spikes, and, and..... C Tell them where to go, to get a hair cut and to buy the new 9" version of "RELAX" - a snip at only £2.99..... D Rip all their hair out, vomit over the nearby phone box, and stagger about threatening anyone whom you think is going to look at you.

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Question 1 - A-9 B-10 C-0 D-3 Question 2 - A-0

B-10 C-9 D-5 Question 3 - A-0 B-10 C-6 D-9

Question 4 - A8 B-0 C-4 D-10 Question 5 A-3 B-8

C-0 D-10 Question 6 A-0 B-10 C-7 D-3 Question 7 -

A-0 B-10 C-2 D-9 Question 8- A-9 B-3 C-10 D-0

Question 9- A-0 B-6 C-7 D-10 Question 10- A-10 B-3-

C-0 D-8 Question 11- A-0 B-7 C-2 D-10 Question 12-

A-0 B-10 C-2 D-8 Question 13- A-0 B-2 C-8 D-10

Question 14- A-10 B-9 C-0 D-4 Question 15- A-0 B-2

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THE NA

WE

# Dead to the World

34

*Screaming dead*

If there is anyone out in the darkened wings of xeroxland who had the impetus to reach forth and purchase a copy of Total Beal's first issue in the cobwebby days of youthful spring '84, then they would undoubtedly noticed, somewhere between it's dodgy columns, a lengthy but mucho cliché'd and very standard interview (My blame!) with a bunch of Lugosi fanatics, sporting vertical-ish locks and a rowdy, Damned style set of tunes, going under the apparent title of the SCREAMING DEAD. That was then. I am now a big bit disappointed at the way that i set out that article, so, as a recompence for that ungodly act of journalistic jumble-up, it came to my imagination, one rain-swept eve in Mesopotamia road, near Times Square (Strathbogie) that perhaps i owed it to the chaps that they be given a second inclusion in the only known contender to the nigerian peoples gazette, Hnnmm... it had been some time since i had heard from them, Just after i sent them a copy of Total Be..... Surely it could'nt have been so bad as to induce Rigor Mortis?

The days passed, as well as a grand total of 349 heavy articulated lorries in front of my modest £126,000 prefab. And then, one day, or was it two's day? (Groooooann...) i recieved a bulging gray envelope (expensively produced, i thought) and not only did i recieve a lengthy letter on a rather fetching watermarked letter headed scribble pad, but i also recieved a generous helping of Screaming Dead badges, eight inches in diameter with "I THINK THE SCREAMING DEAD ARE FAB" in luminescent scroll. as well as a collection of mysterious posters, SCREAMING DEAD - THE DANSE MACABRE 4 TRACK I2" OUT SOON! the headline screamed (literally) A further foray into the blue-inked set of literate laudibility proved that, beyond doubt, the S.D were back to mean business maaaaan.

Well, they never really went away, did they? And to prove that there WAS life after 'No Future records, they had seemingly pooled together their monetary resources and went straight into the construct-something-in-person (DIY) world of music business with their very own company, churning out dodgy waxings under the apt title of "ANGEL RECORDS" - did these chaps sign up Matt Monroe? Did they see having their own company as being an advatage? does it all prove to take the strain on their frail forms?

"Yes, it is an advantage." explains the dead's paper bassist MAL PAGE. (page, paper, geddit???) "Because you know exactly what is going on. It is quite hard work, but we have quite a few people working on our behalf, like nine mile distribution and pro-motion in London."

AHA! so they seem pleased with it all...the Screaming Dead running their own record company.. That's something that most bands dream about, individuals, fanzine writers, hotdog salesman likewise, but unfortunately it is far from most people's clammy grasp due to that all-important commodity, MONEY. more often than not, the total lack of it. Is their company financed solely by



SCREAMING DEAD - Mark, Tony, Sam, Nick & Mal.

their own pennies, or is it a joint excursion into business land with several like-minded cohorts? Big Mal continues, as he eagerly juggles a copy of "Danse macarbe collection" in my direction.

"The company is financed by loans which have to be paid back, obviously, but we just have to sell enough records to break even, and anything on top goes towards future recordings." A familiar case of a lack of any real profits...i daresay.

Most of you people out there should know at least SOMETHING about the S.D. after all, with two singles, a five track I2" and a 6 track tape, forced upon the bulging (mostly with poor quality) indie market, The Screaming Dead have stood out from the others, is it perhaps due to the statistics that they average 14 foot in height each, and have a luminous orange complexion? No, for me, they are perhaps the most original, innovative and by a largely altogether excellent band that has surfaced in the past three of four years. While their lyrics do seem to have a distinct tendency to be leaning towards the more morbid things in life (i.e. Death) the are nevertheless a welcome change in these days of endless songs about War, vivisection etc, churned out in the same repetitive way. Most of all, the Screaming Dead seem to turn out rowdy classics that come from the Damned school of muse, more than anything else, with alarming ease. The guitar sound being quite original and making a change from hectic fuzz.

Their catalogue of crime started in 1982, when "Valley of the dead" single was released, followed up by the faberooobee "Children of the boneyard stones" cassette, which was soon sold out and gained a lot of eager ears awaiting for the follow up. And it soon came. The under-rated "Night creatures" I2" under-bought it was too, if you have the chance to buy it, get it! if you already have'nt got it, you don't know what you'r



missing. Five tracks of neo-psychedelic (Groovy babe!) 'gothique' punk... but by this time, No Future was suffering in the piggy banks and noticing the word BANKRUPTCY predominantly, in their heads, flashing off and on in tall red letters. By the time the Rolling Stones' "Paint it black" single was released by the Dead in January 1984, No Future, as we all know, went Bust! Continuing thereafter to re-release old stock in the form of compil-elpees. "Paint it Black" was a worthy contender to being one of No Future's last proper releases, being a Repleasant "60's-ish" platter, dubbed as being "Ace psychedelic stuff, min!" by certain bealers. AR the ensuing uneasily lengthy absence of any

news after their contract was terminated, was a mite disappointing to this party. So that takes us up to the latest record. And to make things that bit more exciting, a fifth member! an unexpected (by most people, I am sure...me included) inclusion of a saxophone-tooting gent, going under the name of Nick Upton. Also the new keyboard player! A man barely alive, Until he joined the Screaming Dead, They had the technology, they had the ability.... and he had the know-how. "He's done his apprenticeship with various bands around the country, and it shows, he's really good." sez M.P. himself, chewing on an oxo cube.

With the addition of a sax player, are they branching out towards a more "Alternative" market, as opposed to mainly punk fare, and how much has the music changed since "Night Creatures"?

Mal takes me up on this matter. "Our music is improving all the time, and I don't think that it can be classified as punk because of the word Punk has come to mean." Why, that's right, these boys sure know how to handle their instruments(?) "We have been thinking of adding sax and keyboards for a long time, and I think the songs benefit from these additions." The "Night Creatures" 12" had keyboards a-droning and a-wheezing in the background, as well as some piano on "20th Century Vampire" - they certainly DID make a difference, giving the songs more strength. What next? Chaos U.K with a Moog synthesiser?

Even as I batter out this article, I hasten to add that due to "Financial difficulties" and all that jazz, I STILL have not obtained a copy of their latest vinyl venture. Although, prompted by it's 5-star review in SOUNDS, I'm gonna get right on out and buy it, even if it means having to sell my beloved Bugs Bunny portable radiator. Are they indeed content with the 12"? how much did it cost to make, printing covers etc...

Our Mal, (clad in business man's pin striped suit, rotating in a velvet comfy swivel chair and puffing on a cigar - £5 a go) Puts away the wad of tenners he was busily flicking through. "Yes, we are pleased with it, although after every record is released, you think 'hmm... that bit could have been better' and have new ideas which

you would have liked to have tried out, we don't know how much exactly pressing etc cost, because we have't been invoiced by the distributors."

Hmm...nasty people these distributors, fancy doing THAT to a man.... well, well.. Seeing as they have a fairly secure idea of the business world (!) do they have any tips on how to gain a considerably large amount of money within a year or so? (say, a million) "Teah! Rob a bank or go out with Robert Maxwell's daughter." is the advice from my dead friends who insist on screaming for incessantly long periods of time. This CAN have disadvantages. A) You may get caught whilst in the process of robbing a bank, or B) Robert

S+D LIVE 1983

Sam Bignall - vocals  
Tony McCormack (a Scotsman) - guitar  
Mal Page - Bass  
Mark Ogilvie - Drums  
Nick Upton - Saxophone/Keyboards.

Maxwell house's daughter may have Buck teeth, Acne, Horn-rimmed 4-inch thick NHS specs, matted greasy hair and leprosy. Or maybe he's just got a som.... and that's a bit too drastic, even for a cool million. Drastic measures should be left to

the ruler of the country....(geddit? geddit?) hah F+K it...) P'haps they've tried it? An emphatic "No, unfortunately" is the reply to the question as to whether they have been offered/taken part in any overseas excursions. On the A reg Screaming Dead Triumph Herald estate "South of FRANCE, Boys!" off to the sun! Gigs nice girls and booze....hmm....

Do they think that people other than punks take an interest in their music and maybe even stand on rooftops shouting "WE LOVE THE SCREAMING DEAD!" in a rather loud tone?

"Well, I don't know about shouting from rooftops, etc! but you'd be surprised at the different types of people into the band." Politicians? Ferret breeders? Paul Daniels look-alikes? Yes, I can very well believe that..... most people have as opposed to strictly one type. C'mon spikoids, take out those Demis Roussos l.p's from underneath the bed. Any amusing events happened in the life of Sam being attacked by a killer microphone or Tony exploding in the bath etc, etc....

"Yes, many things-like the van breaking down (in tears?) and Mark the drummer falling off the back of the stage at Stevenage." AHA! a slite case of intoxicicathunn afoot? Hnnnnnn, definately, something funny.... perhaps some evil person stole his stool midway through "Do you wanna cremation" or someone sawed the stage in half, mid-set? We shall never know. What we DO know is that Mal winds up this interview with a Yale latch-key, and this excerpt from the dead's manifesto. "Hopefully a new single will be out in January, we will try and spend more money on recording and hopefully it will be brilliant.... also, we have't gigged as much as we would have liked to, due to lack of it's but we're gonna make more of an effort in 85, BYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

Sooooo, there you have it, it goes without saying that they are going to go from strength to strength (and pub to pub) so look out! The Screaming Dead are after YOU!

StONES...

May I also take this opportunity to thank Mal rage for taking the time and patience to read my grotty, unworthy scribbings, masquerading as "Letters" and for his much appreciated part in the interview, NEXT ISSUE, Tony McCormack shows me how to play "Old MacDonald had a farm" and how NOT to play "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde." UCAN STUDIOS...

P.S, their "Children of the boneyard Stones," cassette has been re-released, so be sure and grab it while it's there (the cassette that is) available from small wonder records.

IMACK...

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"ALL PART OF GROWING UP"  
EL FIZZO...

Being a bit wary of bands from the Grass/Corpus Christi area, I turn to the Lost Cherries LP. The said bands turn out to be over-fuzzed Grass imitations with over-direct heavily anarchistic lyrics and the like - if they put 'em over in a different way then they'd be a bit more bearable, which the L.C.'s manage to handle just fine. I'm happy to say that this, their debut LP is one gem of a platter, easily bringing a worthy follow up to their classic "A Man's Duty A Woman's Place" EP.

Here they ape The Monkees, with the punky version of the big M's classic "Pleasant Valley Sunday" - it is... handed with all finesse and it loses none of it's 60's atmosphere (mainly in the chorus) it ends the LP but what is there between that and "Blind Or Dead?" - the answer? - I4 helpings of excellent vibes. "Nervous Breakdown" and "Escalation" - the latter being a "reggae-ish" number, pave the way for more scrumptious punk which is far from the style of most bands today. "F-Plan, G-Plan" has to be one of the best tracks, with the ever present

Some people who have mislaid their cherries.

A crash course in "TOTAL BEAT!" readership in need of here? "Why Does It Have To Be A Dream?" and "Young and Free" are par excellence (Trendy eh?) but "Yet Still Comes The Rain" doesn't come up to the same standards. "The Waltz" is more like it, while the remaining 4 tracks prove to be of the high standard already displayed. At the end of it all, you're left with one of the best albums of late and a band that doesn't need to drown everything out in fuzz to prove that they can play. Proving that there is still some originality about. Purchase this to your feet's content and may your tonels ignite in all accordance.

Then we are faced up with "You're You, I'm Me" which is reminiscent of a Banshees song. "Nothing New" struck me straightaway as having the identical guitar line as WIRE'S "Lowdown" from the Box LP. Then we tackle a poem - actually it turns out to be put to music with some catchy guitar twanging alto, the singer sounds a bit under the weather.

## Dingwall Granny Knows Secret Of The Stars

DINGWALL grandmother, Mrs Elsie Bucket, has claimed that she knows the secret of the universe. "It all lies in the molecular structural theory of stratospheric electric currents, the rapid transformation, since time immemorial, of ultra violet rays into a feasible mass of radioactive synthesis and an awful lot of L.S.D."

96-year old Mrs Bucket, who claims that she taught KEITH MOON "All about coke" has resurfaced after a long stint of drug abuse and is putting the finishing touches to her own life story "Why I like to take lots and lots of ACID" out soon on Trippin' books, and is also working on a "Joint" album with ROGER WATERS of PINK FLOYD fame.

Mrs Bucket gained national notoriety in the "Psychedelic age" in the late 60's when she went roadie-ing with such pop bands as the ROLLING STONES, DOORS, PRETTY THINGS and WINSTON COOTLE AND THE 42-GRAND HAMPERS. Neighbour Mr Sam Mucus, commented "Mrs Bucket is a well known figure in Dingwall, if she's not skateboarding down the main street, then she's hanging from a lamppost or something"

From her modest £3.46 house, Elsie, who sports a peroxidized red and green perm, went further into the matter.

"People have accused me of being a bad influence and that's just nonsense - I'm an appalling influence" She hit the headlines in 1967 when she claimed that the real shape of the world was in fact, triangular and Stonehenge was a cro mag-non macdonald's beefburger takeaway.



ELSIE BUCKET - 'appalling influence'

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## save THE WHALES!

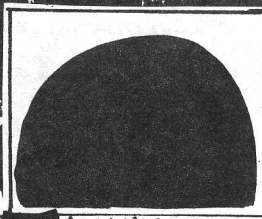
YES, the time has come for all people who honestly believe that Michael Aspel is the greatest human being ever to live, to act now and kick out these mad Japs and Commies from the seas and give 'em a sly kick in the groin area. These wonderful creatures, the WHALES (not the russkys) are in danger and getting quite upset at running the risk of being harpooned, only to end up on the plate of a saki-swilling Toyota car worker or 17 stone female navvys with "I LOVE SPUTNIK" tattoos.

Let's see what the ordinary whale in the ocean has to say. Here is A. WHALE. owing to his fear of repercussions by oriental sub-aqua heavies, Mr Whale appears in silhouette and wishes to maintain his anonymity by refusing to give his address and real name etc.

Yeah, they just come up like, and blow the living daylights out of you. suddenly i found myself thinking "I'm an endangered species" and had no place to turn to, until a friend suggested i try the Michael Aspel institute for scared whales and ever since then i find life a lot better, especially with my exchange holidays with an elderly couple in Bolton, England.

Yes, For a mere £4,583 + 30 wrappers from the new MICHAEL ASPEL breaky crunch breakfast cereal packets, (with the special "smarmy bastard" vouchers) YOU too can adopt a frantic whale, for holidays, christmases & even for keeps!!!! Send the readies in used notes to.....

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51, Chappatti drive,  
Birmingham  
England



A. WHALE



i wish to join the MAIFSW (block letters OK?)

Name. Mr/Mrs/ Miss/Thingy

Adress ( institutions & doss houses acceptable)

Age shoe size perversion

and finally, complete the following sentence.  
I think Michael Aspel is the greatest person ever to walk the earth BECAUSE

# for A CAUSE?

VARIOUS GUITAR NON-HEROES etc.

"CAUSE FOR CONCERN" Compilation cassette

At last, here is the first (To my knowledge) compilation tape featuring the main punk outfits in and around the Aberdeenshire region, well, four of them and 3 'outsider' combos, one being from distant Holland, land of clogs and smelly cheese? The synth chap behind the gruesome minded Premature Burial is the devious mind behind this array of musical minds.... Starting off on this 16 tracked trip are The Red Brigade.....Who? well, if you liked the demo then you'll like the "M.P's Stink" offering, as well as "Rule Britannia" which is still my fave from the demo itself. NAMELESS GRAVES come up with slightly muffled and unclear-at-times produce but after a few listens they become quite listenable, which i did'nt find with UNBORN VIOLENCE, which had a rather odd sounding Bass dominated run... VARIOUS ARTISTS from Holland sing in English, which is quite a surprise, and quite a help, even if the two songs themselves were'nt quite classix. Ye mighty HEDGEHOGS From Not-quite-so-distant Turriff (One of The bands in our region) Have four tracks all to themselves and i'm quite sure that the listener will be chuffed with this, their debut on a compilation, and perhaps the first time that their stuff has been heard outside North East Scotland. "You always get that" races along at a catchy pace while the more-relaxing "Dreamworld" and the instrumentals of "Atmospherics" help

display some well played, excellently recorded stuff. "Have a pogo" Finishes their round in leaping-about styleeee..watch out for these chaps! The track by Aberdeen's PREMATURE BURIAL is'nt as good as i'd have thought, after the choice cuts on their "Morpheus" Cassette, why didn't "life's Blood" Get a re-run X-Humed? And then that leaves us with the Legendary Aberdonian raunch rocky fellows TOXIK EPHEX, whom i rate very much as being a band to watch out for (If they get recognised by the big cheeses) and they come out with some excellent melodies, from some gig or other, the ace "Fallout shelter" which has a lead bass line not unlike some ELITZ fave or other (But is quite different, if you know what i mean???) The ever-present! Bullshit detector 2' slice "Police Brutality" and the Anthem "Take your share" which has to be one of THE unreleased punk classics....This offering is made all the more highly purchaseable by the fact that along with the best tracks, which are just Demanding to be heard you'll get a great idea of just what the punk scene is like up here in the frozen north.... £1.50 and SAE to X-Humed, 32E Logie Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland, and you also get some nice info sheets as well....Buy this and help keep a crumbling punk rock soul in fish paste butties (Only after 5,000 sales i expect...)



THE HEDGEHOGS in pre gig shot, while admiring fans look on....



Everyone who loved this issue - write in a comment!

# Sun

This week in your fun-loving

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## 'LEGALISE HEROIN'

### top priest in porn

### shock probe!

WHY JOHN NOAKES SAYS

EX-SUN page 3 bird in Whitehouse 3 in a bed sex storm.

"Reagan is my pick anyway" sez Anita



## 'I SLEPT WITH MAX BYGRAVES'

monkhouses' shock claim EXCLUSIVE



PLUS +

## THE REAL SCARGILL

SIAN ADEY JONES TELLS OF HER STEAMY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE MAN EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

## JIMMY HILL; 'I spent £50 a week on drugs'

ALSO - TEN COPIES OF "RAMASES - GOD OF HERPES" to be given away in our new "Fix the boob" competition!

JUST SEE WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT the SUN!

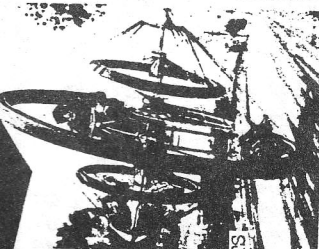
"I NEVER START THE DAY WITHOUT ONE!" J. De Lorbreaque (used car and drugs dealer)

"IT'S GREAT! IT'S FIRST-RATE! I GET IT EVERY MORNING, AND THE 'SUN' AS WELL!!!!!!" Bob Hope (funny person)

only in this weeks

# THE Sun

Win the fabulous new Orion



"STUFF 'THE TIMES' THE 'SUN' GETS MY VOTES ANYTIME!.....er....am i getting paid now?....." T.Wogan (Foolish Irishman)

In the worst taste

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL BEALERS! Promotion A3 (Beal 3) size poster (Twice A4) Of very foolish & amusing proportions at special cut price of only 5p (Cost 10p to print) Cos we're feeling generous...HURRY!

# 'HITLER TRIED THE SAME IN GERMANY'

Owners of lorries, buses, vans and bulldozers will have to change route if the CLACHNACUDDAN citizens action group get their way. Their protest is over the use of such vehicles on the roads round the local primary school. The affair came to a head when 3 seven year old girls were completely flattened after being run over by a steamroller last Friday. The driver, Mr Tom Mix was subsequently charged under the not-looking-where-you're-going act 1876. He was sentenced to 306 years hard emporidery at Barlinnie prison, but many local citizens called the sentence "TOO LENIENT" and went on in great detail about their familys troubles over the past 57 years.

Local resident and "TRESURER" of the committee, Mrs Agatha Stomach-Bile commented "It's a disgrace - the kid community are at an unbelievable risk, There are often gangs of juggernauts passing by at incredibly high speed and you can often hear the drivers cackling insanely with evil intent to themselves, and only this morning one man was seen to be foaming at the mouth. Too many deaths have been caused and it's high time that something was done about this scandal"

300 anxious parents picketed the industrial estate where the lorries come from, and later on, 678 publicity seeking nobodies turned up to laugh. After a few minor scuffles and a noisy rendition of "Anarchy in the uk", the demonstration broke up peacefully and left no impression whatsoever on the local council. East Clachnacuddan councillor Terry Mc Rapture was the first to air his views, as well as several pairs of personalised briefs, on the matter." Well obviously the idea is ludicrous, by taking the present route the drivers are saving approx. 4.673 pence per journey than they would if the alternative route were used. public transport too. Now is'nt that going to be finacialy secure in the long run? Okay, so there are the odd blood-soaked mangled corpses here and there but it's just as safe as it is in Namibia, Lyons or Bradford"

Headmaster of the school Mr P. Dough-Fyle, commented, "The whole idea of keeping the route is LUDICROUS, i am adamant on the argument that it be abolished. I believe that there is a russian plot financing the drivers to slowly decimalise the british youth. Hitler tried the same in Germany, bribing bus drivers to run over invalid jew sandwich board men, dustmen and the odd pensioner and the like "

The result of the matter lies in the clammy hands of the local council, who are likely to settle the episode over a bottle of Lambrusco.

In the meantime, reports have it that several crazed moped riders and pushbiking senior citizens have also tried to run over the school children and also that their lollipop man A. Pensioner, (104) has been blown up. The angolan peoples liberation army have declared responsibility. More news as it comes in folks! REUTERS.



FYLE ;  
"Ludicrous!"

## "Cause for concern"

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HURRY UP  
BOYS, "TOTAL  
BEAL!" SHOULD  
BE ON SALE IN  
HAF AN HOUR!



BYE-BYE!

FROM THE

## BEALERS!

Well that's that for another issue, BEAL Fans, Hopefully the fourth issue shall be out even sooner than us here at BEAL, You or the entire population of Brazil could ever have expected. As will be expected of our frail and rapidly crumbling frames, it'll will be jam packed full of silliness, far-out humour and foolishness (We hope!) In the meantime, drop us a line (Is this a drugs reference?) or even a letter, ya lazy rotters.

some(very) late news...38

# NUNS BEATEN

The St. Francis nuns premier eleven were beaten last night in a nail biting 4-2 game against the Florence nightingale sisters of mercy wanderers at their exhilarating battle of skills at the Julie Andrews "Institute for the good" stadium.

It was an exciting match with both sides showing good form. Several close moments came in the first 22 minutes of play, then in the 23rd, sister Keegan powered in a dynamic left footer to the back of Wanderers net. Jubilant scenes abounded and the eleven's spirits (?) were higher when, in the 40th, Hoover was brought down by wanderers midfielder Yoghurt within the penalty box. The resulting kick was taken by Anne, and after a dramatic save by goalie Dalglish, Budd recovered the ball, put over a quick pass to Keegan and a smooth run into the net. After the half timeucharist wafers, and the compulsory confessions, Wanderers returned with a vengeance, and no sooner had they kicked off than a vicious tackle by Christ to Keegan brought about a nasty argument with referee Brian Clough. Before long a full-scale exchange of threats were being made, and Wanderers 2 defenders Black and Decker were sent off, mainly for putting the boot into Theresa of the St Francis eleven. Subs Peters and Rawlings were brought on after the swift backhander to the referee by Best, and play went on. Some ace dynamic football followed as Wanderers took a spectacular goal in the 10th minute, a brilliant header from Andrews which clearly caught everyone offguard. A rocket of a shot from Midfielder Best went straight into the eleven's goal in the 19th, which brought the score even. A flying tackle by Hoover brought Best down in the penalty box and after a first attempt, which sent goalie Pagoda flying into the cameramen and requiring incense to bring her round, the referee ruled that it should be taken again and best hammered in her 2nd goal of the match, their 3rd, in the 32nd minute. Colourful events occurred after a scuffle between Rawlings who brought down Hoover. Rawlings was sent off. The crowd reaction, 67,000 strong, mainly made up of monks, nuns, bishops, vicars and several ex-popes, was to start throwing several bottles at the riot Parsons, and at one point, a pitch invasion seemed certain. 2 Minutes before time, Matriani whacked in a scorcher of a power shot that would have made Pele look third division! This kept the Wanderers in blessing until the final whistle and the usual exchange of crosses. A fine game and a sign that these goddamn bible thumpers sure know how to play a mean game when they feel like it!

Jimmy greaves (deceased)

St Frances' eleven  
PAGANINNI/ ANNE/ THERESA/ PAGODA/ HOOVER/ KEEGAN/  
CLAMFETT/ ROBSON/ BUDD/ SMITH/ THOMPSON  
subs COLLINS/ GUSSETT

Florence Nightingale Wanderers  
DALGLISH/ YOGHURT/ MATRIANI/ LEE/ CHARITON/  
STURROCK/ CHRIST/ PINEAPPLE/ BEST/ DECKER/ BLACK  
/ ANDREWS/  
subs RAWLINGS/ PETERS

Referee BRIAN CLOUGH. attendance 67,083

BEAL- THE SENSIBLE MAN'S BURDEN the POTTY FAN CLUB 40 POTTY, 124 RESENTMENT DRIVE, FOREAR, ANGLUS (NEAR) BEAL FAN CLUB - JOIN IT NOW! 40 JAMES ROAD, FRASERBURGH, ABERDEENSHIRE, SCOTLAND

# ATTENTION DAMNED

fans..

Rarities  
WantEd!

Jamesoid requireth more goodly vinyls  
and other items by those intrepid  
budgie

The DAMNED.

items i'd love to get hold of in particular

are 'JET BOY JET GIRL' By Cap. Sensible & the Softies, 'I JUST CAN'T BE HAPPY TODAY'  
I2", LOVE SONG Imports (Esp. French import + Promo's..) All Early stiff singles on  
IMPORT (+ COVER) All Import versions/Promo's of Albums.... Especially 1st & 2nd Albums  
with colour vinyl....Also Live bootlegs (Willing  
to swap) Tapes, Photo's, Lyrics posters etc.... Good prices given!  
(Honest!) Also "MORNING BIRD" Single on Young Blood label & Live  
Bootleg L.P. From Holland...GET WRITING YA TURDS!

OUR DEAR &  
DEPARTED(?) CAPTAIN  
SENSIBLE, ITALY 1980.

Jamesy,  
19 Thompson Terrace,  
Fraserburgh,  
Aberdeenshire....

## ROLF's Words of Wisdom

LISTEN HERE, FANZINE FREAKS..

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fliers etc etc.....

Write to ROUSKA,  
19 STANSFIELD  
CHAMBERS,  
67 GEORGE STREET,  
LEEDS 1  
YORKS.

## THE LOOK THEN THE SOUND NOW

### THE DAMNED "Grimly Fiendish" \* \* \* \* \*

After seeing the Captain-less New Line-up  
do this on Whistle Test, i was set at ease  
from any previous doubt of the Damned without  
the Captain. After 2½ years since the classic  
"Strawberries" Album & I since "Thanks for  
the night" In all it's Finesse, this puts the  
Damned in the position of old, a fantastic  
piece of psychedelic bliss! "Grimly" like all  
Scabies & Co's material before, has it's own  
individual sound and can't really be compared  
to any of the older stuff, apart from it still  
contains all of the first class songwriting  
of "Black Album" With Melodys drifting in all  
over the place, tooting trumpets and jingling  
harpsichord. pure bliss! Pure class, guv.....  
that's all it is. I admit to have doubted them  
in recent months, but i'm sorry all you "Damned  
are dead" Pundits, for the Damned are back in  
town!

P.S. Anyone got any addresses of past, present  
and inebriated Damned members?...

# THE Rev. Francis Dumelle column.



Well, Well, it's Winter again(?)  
Do you remember how we used to  
laugh and sing as the snow came  
down? I certainly Do'nt.

Do you remember the games we  
used to play? "Plookter Mannie,  
Plookter wifie" was my favourite.

How i laughed and laughed at  
that one! (You're about the only  
one who did then, ya stiff  
collared git.- Ed.)

I got a letter from a Mrs BELTER  
of Arbroath asking whether it was  
i she saw in "Simon's Sex Shop"  
recently. Indeed it was, Mrs  
Belter, and the reason i was  
wearing the sheer pink tights was  
that it was Simon's birthday that  
self-same day.

Time flies, my children, must go  
and castrate a pallid corpse  
or two. Love & Rosarys..

THANKYOU FRANCIS! NOW FUCK OFF  
BACK TO YOUR PULPIT, YOU DIRTY  
OLD PERVERT.

Next issue - My memories of  
Constantinople with a 7 foot male  
hairstresser from Stockport.

**&NOW, it's  
attention,  
attention' time....**

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! PHIL of the old  
age pensioners' cult band THE ABUSE  
whom i gave you his adress as to send  
your unwanted leather posing pouches,  
used paper hankies, carrot soup AND  
letters to, has suffered the un-nice  
experience of having aforesaid house  
burnt down (Honest!) Thankfully, his  
records WERE saved, and he liveth to  
hang his head in shame for being in  
this grotty zine for another day.....  
ALL ABUSE (NON) CORRESPONDANCE TO BE  
LEFT IN THE EMACIATED HANDS OF BOGGY,  
76 Captains drive, Gracemount, Edinburgh  
and they still deserve to be hung by the  
big toes until death prevails...HAR!

## PRINCESS MARGARET IN CANNABIS SHOCK, PROBE



**NEXT  
WEEK**

STRAIGHT MUSIC  
PRESENTS

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH

HAVE A ROTTEN CHRISTMAS! \*\*\*

Rot records feel that it's time that the  
christmas season, and the vaults of their  
demo collection, were put into reach of a  
musical sort for all Non conformists and  
melon addicts everywhere.. Limited edition  
it is, unreleased tracks from the Rot  
collective.... The Hotly tipped ANIMAL  
FARM (But not heard of late) with two vinyl  
pickings to enjoy.... "Who is your enemy?"  
being quite brilliant, Grreaatt! The ever-  
present VARUKERS get their spoke in again,  
ever intrepidly trying to take over where  
Discharge left off, and Failing, just the  
same old thrash stuff that about 80% of new  
bands try and conquer. The come the obscure  
NO CHOICE, whom have lain low ever since  
their classic Riot City e.p. Back with two  
new offerings. Placed strategically amongst  
the thrash dominated grooves, their two  
ballads bring a welcome relief. "Immunity"  
being a quite medium paced number and  
"Underground" For me, is THE song on the LP.  
A wonderfully catchy number which leaves all  
the rest behind. Barring the pounding vibes  
of RESISTANCE 77's "Banned from the welfare"  
one of those 'Heavy' songs which still  
maintains a great non-thrash line in melodies  
next to No Choice, this makes an easy second  
best. THE ENEMY offer a fairly decent song,  
but i still think that Their 1st album had  
more to offer than any of their new stuff....  
I MAY BE WRONG! Correct me if this is so!  
RIOT SQUAD, for my money, should never really  
have re formed. Their first two singles were  
miles better than the material they've been  
churning out ever since. THE SKEPTIX are  
fairly decent, with "WAR DRUM" and "RETURN  
TO HELL" (i think that was released on a  
single, was'nt it) Are quite enjoyable, while  
PARANGIA declare total. originality with  
"1984"....a fair representation of this bar-  
capability, but not so good as i have been  
led to believe. THE highlights of this hard-  
to-get (If all I,500. manage to be snapped up)  
plastic outing? No Choice, Resistance 77 and  
Animal Farm. In that order... hurry hurry  
hurry while it lasts! Roger Ramjet.

IN NEXT WEEKS/MONTH'S/YEAR'S/CENTURY'S  
ISSUE (Delete where you think can be  
expected, bearing in mind just how  
irresponsible we are...) Watch out KING  
KURT fans, as promised in issue 2, we  
here at BEAL managed to track down the  
slightly less smelly KING KURT at a  
recent Aberdeen flatulence contest, and  
through a gas mask, managed to get a  
faberdooobo interview for all the rat  
infested masses out there. Full photo-  
graphic evidence of this dubious en-  
counter of the bleached kind will be  
included, so watch out ya imbecilic  
thronggggggggg..... Be prepared for  
more of the same as intrèpid BEAL scouts  
rummage the deranged minds and bars of  
Britain for foolish material (Lurid pink  
nylon with iron-on polyester geese in  
flight) For the big "4" Be warned.....  
ALSO VARUKERS On the question of is there  
life after teatime, Subhumans in concerto  
and anything else that comes between us  
and the taxman. BYEEEEEEEE!!!

**This funzine belongs to....**